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[VOL. XIII.

FREE GLANCES AT CUBA.

CONCLUSION.

LIVY has remarked that the general reader cares little for the antiquities of a people. A good story, however, is always safe to tell, even should it be a little old.

Every country has had some Alfred the Great, or Frederick Barbarossa, or Henry IV., who was a marvel of an excellent sovereign, and who, if he had lived long enough, would have done much toward the establishment of the great millennium when a chick-

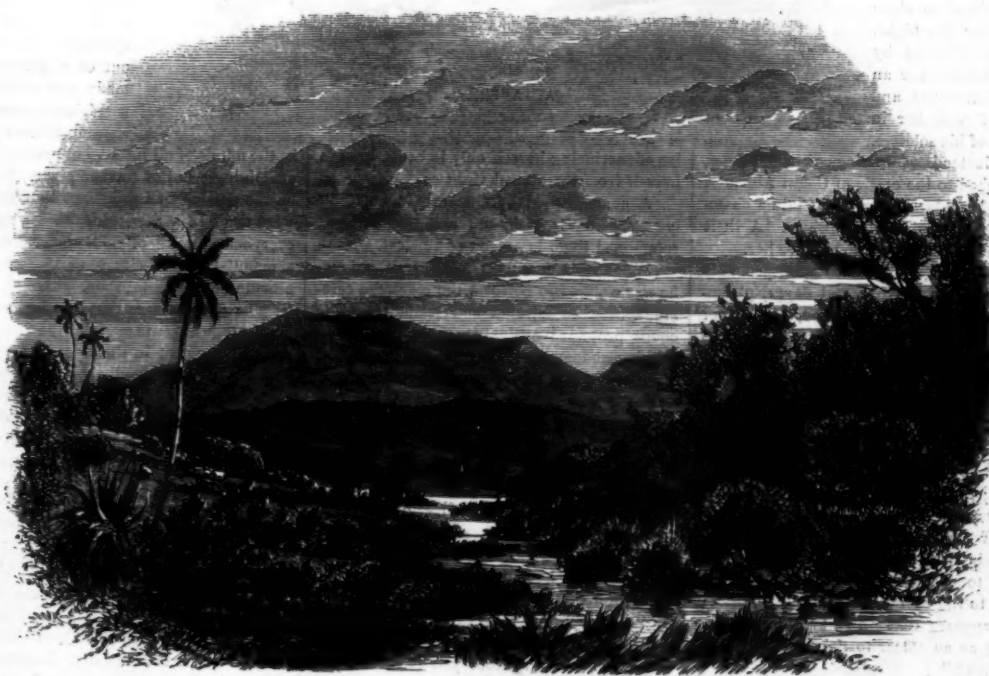
theatre, or public edifice in Havana is called Tacon.

The wonderful justice of this great Tacon is illustrated by a story which outdoes the wisdom of Solomon. It is the story of the cigar-girl of Havana:

In some street—they say it was the Calle del Comercio—a beautiful young woman owned and attended a little shop. She had on the counter little pyramidal heaps

smiles which she bestowed upon her customers were as invariable in size, form, and weight, as her cigarettes. When the "great passion" came upon her, she held by the hand Don Pedro Mantanez, a young boatman employed in the harbor near the Morro Castle.

Miralda was in no hurry, however, to become a wife, for she was well aware that her wedding would take from her cigar-store



MOA VALLEY.

en shall be daily put into the soup-pots of all poor people.

Thus, there was a governor in command of the island of Cuba who was so vigilant and just that, if his death had not too early put an end to his administration, the Cubans would have been able to leave bags of gold on the public roads without fear of having them stolen. His name is still held in such good memory that every fine avenue, large

of cigarette-packets, and some handfuls of well-made cigars. Her customers were numerous; for, when they lit their cigarettes, she looked at them so pleasantly that the first whiffs tasted like the aromatic herb which the Mohammedans expect to inhale in paradise.

Though quite alone in the world—without parents, brothers, or sisters—Miralda's virtue was as faultless as her beauty, and the

one of its chief attractions. Hence, she promised Pedro, in good Cuban fashion, that she would marry him as soon as they had won a prize in the lottery.

Now, there was in Havana a Spanish nobleman who was a gay cavalier. The Count Almante took a fancy to Miralda, and, under the pretense of purchasing and smoking cigars, he often remained with her many hours. Miralda regarded him only with in-

difference, but she never deprived him for a moment of a particle of that amiability of hers which she always manifested for her customers.

One evening, however, when Count Almante had been sitting in her store till all the other stores in the street were closed, and then ventured to make his passion for her rather too tangible, Miralda coolly exhibited to him a little dagger she held concealed in her bosom. He thereupon promised to purchase for her a more profitable cigar-store in the neighborhood of his own residence, but she would not yield.

As the count did not reappear for the next few days, Miralda began to think that he had abandoned his evil designs. But one day, when she was about to close her shop for the night, an officer, followed by a patrol, showed her an order for her arrest, and walked off with her in the midst of his soldiers.

But, instead of halting at the prison, they marched to the castle of Count Almante, and there Miralda was conducted into a chamber fit for the bride of a prince. A little waiting, and the count stood before her.

The scene that followed was probably one of promises, threats, and dagger-gleaming. The count finally retired, giving her one week to reconsider her conduct, and to take the consequences of a renewed refusal.

Pedro, who, among all the customers of Miralda, was the one who took the liveliest interest in her whereabouts, searched for her in all directions, and finally discovered her. He obtained admission to her by assuming the dress of a monk; and, having heard her story, he hastened to the great General Tacon, who ordered Miralda and Almante to be brought before him.

In a tone of apparent indifference, Tacon said to the count:

"It appears that you have abused your authority as an officer to gain possession of this woman?"

The count, not suspecting that he had gained Tacon's displeasure, replied, with nonchalance:

"Yes. But the matter is too trifling to occupy the valuable time of your excellency."

"Well, perhaps not," spoke Tacon. "But tell me, has any violence been done to this girl?"

"None, your excellency, and probably none will be needed, for she has promised to become mine very shortly."

Tacon interrogated Miralda, and she said upon her oath that she had made the prom-



AT A FINCA.

ise of sacrificing herself only in order to save herself from threatened violence.

A guard, called by General Tacon, took charge of a dispatch, and a messenger was summoned to go in search of a priest.

When this goodly person had arrived, he was ordered to perform the marriage ceremony between Miralda and Almante. The count protested against it; but, in spite of all his remonstrances, in which he was joined also by Pedro, who thought that his own wedding was growing more and more evanescent, the marriage was solemnized.

Then Tacon told Count Almante to withdraw to his castle, and commanded Miralda and Pedro to remain with him a little longer.

Half an hour later the officer of the guard reentered Tacon's office.

Tacon, who had taken up his work again as if nothing had happened to interrupt it, looked up and coolly inquired:

"Has my order been executed?"

"Yes, general. When the count reached the corner of the street you mentioned, he fell, pierced by nine bullets."

Tacon then ordered the necessary steps to be taken that the count's large possessions were really inherited by his widow, and when a decent period had elapsed after his demise, Miralda, the countess, married Pedro, the boatman.

This may be a very charming story of persevering innocence, but in no sense can Tacon's justice be spoken of as deserving great praise. Some three thousand years ago some Hebrew royal Shylocks could enact such ridiculous scenes without losing, in the

eyes of their people, an atom of their splendor of wisdom, power, and general glorious raiment; but it is probable that now, nearly two thousand years after Christ, Tacon's ideas of justice and equity, so beautiful and exalting in the eyes of the Cuban populace, would have cost him his own head, not by murderous assault, but openly in the market-place.

One thing suggests another, and the Havana cigar-girl and her story suggest "a few remarks" about Havana cigars for the pleasure and profit of Havana cigar-smokers.

To begin with a paradox: Cigars are no cigars. The original name for a cigar was *tobaco*, and the original inventors of modern cigars were the red aborigines of Cuba. The native appellation for the plant out of which cigars are made was *cohoba*. The suspicion that such is the case must have sprung up

in the minds of all intelligent persons who, on examining a box of Havana cigars, discovered on the outside of it the fact that the cigars were made in a *fábrica de tabacos*, which—as everybody knows or does not know—means a manufactory of cigars, and, of course, not a manufactory of tobacco.

The finest cigars that can be had are the *Viguera*s, which are made of the finest leaves, right on the spot in the *vegas*, and which are rather expensive, and even for any amount of money somewhat difficult to procure. The ordinary price for a *Viguera*s *Regalia Imperial*—a seven-inch cigar—ranges between two and three hundred dollars per thousand—not in New York, but in Cuba.

Many smokers, and even cigar-dealers, in New England, are somewhat confused in regard to the proper interpretation of some of the names they see branded into the cedar boxes. People often feel quite confident that they buy or sell a particular quality of tobacco in the cigars when they give them the name of *Regalia Imperial*, *Regalia*, *Londres*, *Damas*, *Entr'opéras*, or any other of this class. The fact, however, is that these names designate only the sizes of the cigars. A *Regalia Imperial* measures seven inches, a *Regalia Británica* is a little smaller, a *Londres* is of the medium size, the *Damas* or *Entr'opéras* are quite thin and small, fit to be smoked in the pauses between the acts, at the door-steps or in the smoking-room of a theatre.

The quality of the tobacco is indicated by the words *superfino*, *fino*, *superior*, *bueno*. The color and strength of cigars is stamped on the box with *maduro* for the strongest, *cacero*

for the next in strength, *colorado* for those of medium strength, and *claro* for the light ones. The intermediate shades of the cigars are indicated by combining two of these terms; thus *colorado maduro* signifies that the cigar is a little darker, and *colorado claro* that it is a little lighter, than a *colorado* should be.

A dictionary is not very amusing, though very useful, and therefore it may be advisable not to further too much the selfish ends of smokers by continuing the list of terms used in the cigar-trade. It is impossible, however, to think of Cuba without thinking of tobacco, which may be an unpleasant thought to some, but certainly not to all.

There are two words, however, which must still find a place in the tobaccoist's glossary—namely, the words which stare at you in every street of every town in the world of more than five hundred inhabitants—*vegas* and *Vuelta Abajo*.

The mystery of the word *vegas* is nothing but the fact that it is the Cuban name for a tobacco-plantation, and *Vuelta Abajo* is the district in which most of the plantations are found. *Vuelta Abajo* is a low region of Western Cuba, south of the Guaniguanico Mountains, which run from Marielbai to the Bay of Guadiana. The best *vegas* lie on the bank of the river Cuyaquataje, on a piece of land about thirty miles long by seven deep. As a rule, a tobacco-plantation contains only one *caballeria*, which is equal to about thirty-three acres. Half of it is stocked with various plants to shelter the tobacco, and nevertheless a *caballeria* produces as much as nine

thousand pounds, averaging about one hundred dollars per hundred pounds.

As the tobacco-crop is to the Cubans a matter of not less than twenty million dollars a year, all the people are willing to pray for a rich harvest. When the insects peculiar to the tobacco-plant seem to be a little thick, at once regular days of prayer are appointed, and the holy Martin, the saint of tobaccoists, has ten thousand masses said in his honor, to make him bless the crop and pick off the insects.

The Cubans are always in a frame of mind to go through a religious ceremony, but their sanctimoniousness reaches its annual culminating point in the Holy Week before Easter Sunday. Wonderful is a *paseo*, or procession—at least to a stranger from a Protestant land. Go to the cathedral and see the grand procession of the Virgin sally out from the church and parade through the city. As Mr. Hazard describes it, first comes a band of music, and then, upon one side of the street, march in single file whites and negroes together, and on the other military officers of all grades in full uniform, all of them uncovered, and holding long wax-tapers, lighted, in their hands. Then comes another band of music, and then the governor-general in a splendid uniform covered with decorations, and around him his staff and the members of the Town Council in full-dress suits. All these people are not greatly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for they are talking, smiling, and sometimes breaking out into loud laughter. Now, borne

upon the shoulders of eight stalwart negroes, and preceded by a few priests, comes the catafalque, gorgeously adorned with paper flowers, lighted candles, glass shades, gold and silver foil, velvet, and ribbons, and surmounted by a large figure of the Virgin, under a velvet-and-gold canopy, guarded at each corner by miniature cherubim with spread wings. In the wake of this great centre-piece of the procession move on the bishop and his clergy in their gorgeous robes, followed by another military band playing a solemn march, and by a battalion of soldiers with their arms reversed. This cortege of a united church and state passes from one street into another, and meets everywhere a silent, credulous, and uncovered multitude.

It must not be supposed, however, that the Roman Catholic Church is still a great power in Cuba. A military despotism cannot safely tolerate a rival authority. The government now owns the edifices and all other property of the Church, appoints and removes the clergy when it chooses, fixes their salaries, and acts entirely according to its own pleasure.

There is one person in Cuba who cannot afford the Lord's Day to be disregarded—namely, the negro slave; for on that day the government allows him to consider himself his own lord, with the intention of giving him an opportunity to earn some money with which to purchase his freedom, either entire or in part. The result is, that the slaves work on Sunday harder than on any other day, and many whites postpone their house-clean-



CHURCH AND STREET IN GUANABACOA.



GUAJIROS.

ing, whitewashing, painting, and the like, until this day, in order to make use of their cheap labor.

Thus, *el Domingo* (Sunday) is a very trying day to a New-Englander or Scotchman in Cuba. The domestic business goes on with the accumulated impetus of a fresh relay of hands, the counting-houses are open half the day, the shops are brilliant and busy, and the chain-gang labors on the government works. In the morning, people go to mass or to business, according as they are devout or not; but the evening is unscrupulously sacrificed "on the altar of pleasure," to use the mournful expression of Miss Jay, when telling the story of her "Winter in Cuba."

But not all of Cuba is utterly frivolous and depraved. To watch the genuine religious character of the Cubans, one must go into some out-of-the-way church, or somewhere in a small town, as to the Church of Santo Domingo, in Guanabacoa, and attend one of the services, and if possible a mass for the dead. It is evening, and the church is lighted by a single taper burning upon the altar, illuminating the nave with a sombre light, and throwing upon the floor deep and long shadows of the pillars, and of the people who are kneeling on it. Every worshiper is isolated from the others, and follows in the silence and sombreness of the church the sad thoughts that spring up of departed parents, relatives, and friends. A priest chants—too low and subdued to break the general impression of stillness and quiet—and then passes over to his sermon of consolation in a soft and musical voice, comforting the sorrowing, imploring the unrepentant, and, finally, with the sounds of joy and confidence, assuring the prostrate forms, whose bosoms heave and whose eyes are moist with tears, that death shall end in life, and strife and misery in peace and happiness.

Cuban ladies are celebrated for their beauty, and in every church are crowds of pretty girls, many of them most exquisitely dressed, for the purpose—as is the case in all parts of the world—of being admired. As none

of the churches are provided with pews or seats, the ladies are usually accompanied by their servants, who enter the church with them, carrying an elegant rug of fine material and rich colors, which they unroll and spread upon the stone floor for their pretty mistresses to kneel upon and say their prayers. Some ladies have also a cane chair brought for them, in order to rest themselves from time to time from their kneeling posture, and to gaze at their leisure around the church to see who else are there.

Cuba is celebrated also for another class of female beauty—namely for pretty quadroon girls. They are generally employed as domestics by many families, and some of them are quite white, being mostly descendants of French or Spanish creoles. The fact that the civil law prohibits the intermarriage of the races leads many whites and mulattoes to live together in open concubinage, which seems to be looked upon with great indifference by the neighbors as well as the authorities. Many mulatto and quadroon women become mistresses of a *finca*, or a small country place, and there they are found to be more industrious than the men. They attend faithfully to their domestic duties, weave their own cotton cloth, and are always kind and hospitable to strangers.

As a whole, the rural population of Cuba is astute, boastful, and superstitious. The ruling passions of a *guajiro* (countryman) are gambling—particularly at cock-fights—and coffee, which he drinks at all hours. His costume consists of a pair of loose pantaloons, girdled at the waist by a bit of leather, a shirt of fancy-colored linen, a handkerchief of silk or cotton tied around his neck, or more frequently about his head, upon which is a broad-brimmed hat of *yarey*—a species of common palm-leaf—and his feet, usually bare, are thrust into common leather pumps or slippers. He never works regularly, and does little more than look after the cattle, or act as teamster; but, if he owns any negroes, he makes them do all the work, and merely directs the cultivation of his

property. In fact, to believe Mr. Hazard's picture of a *guajiro*, he is "too lazy to live."

But we children of Northern climes must not always fret at the indolence of the happy cultivators of the ever-fruit-bearing Garden of the Antilles. To us the universe presents a perpetual change: nights and days grow long and short, one season succeeds another, Nature wears another garb every day, and even the Polar Star sinks and rises before our eyes. The world of our hearts grows like the world around us, our affections rapidly heat and cool, we rush from one extreme into another, and pass daily through new phases of existence. Our rest is in motion, our comfort is to make progress, our constancy is that of eternal change.

How differently does Nature affect the life of those who inhabit the Edens of the tropical Antilles! Before their eyes is spread out an ever uniform scene: all the seasons bear nearly the same faces and garbs, the days hardly grow perceptibly longer or shorter, the leaves at their feet never turn red, there are always flowers and fruits, and clouds but seldom cover the glorious sun, or hide at night the almost immovable stars. And hence to them rest is sleep; comfort, quiet; and constancy, unchangeableness.

They hardly fear the grave. The *campo santo* (the cemetery) is no everlasting warning to them. The priests have succeeded in completely lulling every genuine religious sentiment. They rest perfectly assured that as long as the Church finds no fault with them there is no Heaven to grieve, and no future to dread. Funeral-processions resemble carnival parades; even the bereft endeavor to appear joyful. Why not? Have they not the assurance of the priest that they shall all be angels?

The follies of our fellow-men do not always render us as sad as they should, but who has ever witnessed the burial of an infant by the country-people must have done so with a heart bleeding with pity for the mother, and stirred with wrath at the false teachers who could cause her friends to as-

semble around her in her misfortune as if she had been made the recipient of a great blessing. The doctrine is, that death changes a babe straightway into an angel, and that father and mother should rejoice at their privilege of being the parents of a celestial being, and hence the whole village comes to make its burial a day of great festivity.

See the mother holding in her arms her dead darling, her own hot life-blood, cold as ice. She has no tears; she has none of that pallor of grief that mirrors on the face of the living the livid hue of the body of the dead; she listens to the violin and clarinet, drum and cymbal, approaching with merry tunes. Young men and women enter her cottage gayly attired as for a dance, and shout: "God has made an angel! Hurrah! An angel!—An angel!"

Now, blessed mother, bring your jewels and glittering tinsel, robe the pallid and chill little body with bright-colored garments, tie the ribbons around the limbs so stiff and white, bind a garland of gay flowers above the closed eyes, and now, to make the angel complete, fasten wings of gauze and gold-leaf to the tiny shoulders which shall never bear another burden. Now to the *campo santo*! Hurrah!

The grave is dug. The happy mother steps to the edge of it, and lifts her dead infant high over her head. The people shout for joy; they see it already ascend into glory!—and down from her hands falls the darling of her bosom into the insatiable bosom of the earth. Another moment, and it is covered with dust. Then all return to the village and terminate the day with drinking and dancing.

G. A. F. VAN RHYN.

RALPH WILTON'S WEIRD.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER X.

THE extremely sudden and unorthodox character of Ella's nuptials was a source of irritation, not to say dismay, to the worthy Mrs. Kershaw. She took, upon the whole, a desponding and distrustful view of human nature; and, instead of meeting Ella's smiling, blushing account of Colonel Wilton's visit and her engagement to him with effusive sympathy, she had nodded her head and knitted her brows, asked a dozen questions, and received the replies in ominous silence; at last spoke as follows:

"Well, I hope it's all right" (the "hope" in italics), "but it's curious—very curious. Are you quite sure he is Colonel Wilton?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"Because he was frequently at Brosedale, and known to Sir Peter Ferguson."

"Ay, to be sure, that's true! I suppose it's to be a private marriage. We must see that it is quite correct, for, high or low, a wife has her rights. What did he say about going to church?"

"Oh! I scarcely know; something about my having been three weeks in the parish, and—"

"Did he?" returned Mrs. Kershaw, a more satisfied expression stealing over her face. "That looks like business; only I trust and hope he has not a wife already."

"What a fearful suspicion!" replied Ella, shuddering, while she smiled. "He was looked upon as an unmarried man at Brosedale, for I remember that Donald remarked that Miss Saville could find time to amuse him now, because Colonel Wilton condescended to visit him, and that he would be a peer, a nobleman, one day."

"A peer! a lord! well, I never! Of all the queer turns, this is the queerest. Still, I would like to make sure that there is no hitch nowhere. But, bless your heart, no gentleman or nobleman would go to church with a girl unless he was all square."

"I must trust him utterly, or not at all, he said. I do trust him," said Ella, softly, to herself, "even as he trusts me." She was sitting on the hearth-rug, gazing dreamily at a small but bright morsel of fire held together by fire-bricks.

"Trust is a word I never liked," observed Mrs. Kershaw, who was sitting bolt upright in an easy-chair. "Ready money, in every thing, is my motto; still, I must say, this gentleman seems straightforward." Mrs. Kershaw's opinions had become visibly modified since the rank of her fair *protégée's* intended had been revealed to her.

"I think he is," said Ella, simply.

"Anyhow, I will speak to him myself to-morrow," continued Mrs. Kershaw, "and let him know you have a friend to look after you as knows the world," she added, emphatically. Silence ensued; for, in truth, Ella was too glad of the cessation of Mrs. Kershaw's wiry voice to break it, when that lady burst out again with a jerk: "You'd best take my parlors—they ought to be thirty shillings a week, but I will give them to you for a guinea."

"But why must I take them?" asked Ella.

"Because—Why, my patience, Miss Rivers, you are not going to turn stingy, and you going to be a great lady. Why must you take them? because it is only decent and proper; there's scarce room to turn round in a three-cornered cupboard like this place. I'm sure a fine, handsome man like the colonel hasn't room to move here; and then for the wedding. This day week, did you say? Why, whatever shall we do about wedding-clothes? still I wouldn't say nothing about putting off; you'd better strike while the iron is hot! But have you thought of the wedding-clothes, Miss Rivers?"

"No, I do not want any. I have more clothes than I ever had in my life before."

"I declare to goodness you are the strangest young girl—lady I mean—I ever met; so mean-spirited, in a manner of speaking, in one way, and no more knowing the value of money in another, than a half-saved creature! Why, you have nothing but blacks and grays."

"And may I not marry in gray; but if it

is right I shall be very pleased to have a pretty new dress and bonnet; I have quite money enough, you know."

"Well, I must say it is aggravating that we can't have a regular spread, and carriages and favors; wouldn't that nasty, humbugging, stuck-up thing, Mrs. Lewis, over the way, that is always insinuating that I haven't laid down new stair-carpeting because I couldn't spare the money—wouldn't she be ready to eat her own head off because she wouldn't be asked to step across!"

But in spite of Major Moncrief and Mrs. Kershaw, Ralph Wilton had his way, and they were married on the appointed day. The major was so far mollified that he stood by his favorite "boy" on the memorable occasion; nay, more, with some hesitation he produced a pair of lumpy gold ear-rings, largely sprinkled with turquoise, as a small and appropriate gift to his friend's bride, when, to the dismay of all present, it was found that the pretty little ears they were destined to adorn had never been pierced.

"It is no matter," said Ella, taking his hand in both hers, "I should rather keep them, just the very things you thought of, than let them be changed! You like me for his sake now; you may yet like me for myself."

To this the major gravely replied that he did not doubt it, and watched her with observant eyes during the ceremony. The keen old soldier was touched and impressed by the steady composure of her manner, the low, clear music of her firm tones. It seemed to him as if she had considered the value of each vow, and then took it willingly; he was surprised when the service was concluded, and he again took her hand to find that, although outwardly calm, she was trembling from head to foot.

They returned to Mrs. Kershaw's house, where that excellent housewife had provided a comfortable and appetizing luncheon—the major having the honor of escorting her back. "I can tell you, sir," he used to say in after-years, when recounting the episode, "I felt devilish queer when I handed the landlady into the brougham and took my place beside her. If she had been a buxom widow, or a gushing spinster, I could have stood it better; but she was such a metallic female! her hair curled up so viciously, and there was such a suspicious, contemptuous twist in her nose, as if she was perpetually smelling a rat, that I was afraid to speak to her. I know I made an ass of myself. I remember saying something about my friend's good luck, thinking to propitiate her, but she nearly snapped my head off, observing that time would show whether either of them was in luck or not."

The luncheon, however, was duly appreciated by the mollified major, Mrs. Kershaw herself, and, we regret to add, the bridegroom, who was in radiant spirits. There was something contagious in his mood—something inspiriting in the joy that rioted in his bright, brown eyes; even Mrs. Kershaw lit up under his influence, and for a while forgot the suspicious character of the human race. But the repast was soon over. Wilton was anxious to catch the tidal-train,

and Ella went obediently to don her bonnet and traveling-gear.

"Look at this, Moncrief," said Wilton, when they were alone, holding out a miniature in a slightly-faded morocco case; "it is a picture of Ella's father."

Moncrief scrutinized it with much interest. An exquisitely-painted portrait, it represented a dreamy, noble face, dark as a Spaniard, with black-blue eyes, closely resembling his daughter's; a delicately-cut, refined mouth, unshaded by mustache, and a trifle too soft for a man; the turn of the head, the whole bearing, more than conventionally aristocratic, picturesquely grand.

"There is no question about it, Wilton, this man looks every inch a gentleman. Have you any idea who the mother was?"

"Not the most remote. I do not think Ella has an idea herself; she says she had a charming picture of her mother, but it disappeared soon after they came to London, and she has never been able to find it. She has a box full of letters and papers up-stairs, and, when we return, I shall look through them and try to trace her father's history, just to satisfy my sister and yourself. Ella will always be the same to me, ancestry or no ancestry."

"By-the-way, where are you going?" said the major.

"Oh! to Normandy—to a little out-of-the-way place within a few miles from A——, called Vigères. There is very good salmon-fishing in the neighborhood, and we shall be quiet."

"When shall you be back?"

"I cannot tell; I suppose I must not take more than six weeks' holiday."

"Well, I would not write to old St. George till you come back."

"I am not sure about that; I—"

"Here is Miss—I mean Mrs. Wilton," interrupted Moncrief.

With sweet, grave simplicity, Ella offered a parting kiss to her husband's friend. Mrs. Kershaw stepped jauntily to open the door. A hoarty hand-pressure from Moncrief, whose rugged countenance was sorrowfully sympathetic, and the newly-wedded pair were away.

"Won't you step in, sir, and take another glass of wine?" said Mrs. Kershaw, with startling hospitality, to the uneasy major, who felt in comparative captivity, and by no means equal to the occasion.

"No; I am much obliged to you," said the major, edging toward the door.

"A little bit of pigeon-pie, or a mouthful of cheese and a drop of stout to wind up with?" persisted Mrs. Kershaw. "You may say what you like, there's nothing picks you up like a drop of stout."

"No, I thank you; nothing more."

"I hope every thing was to the colonel's satisfaction?" resumed Mrs. Kershaw, with an angular smile.

"He would have been hard to please if he had not been satisfied," returned the major, with groveling servility; and, taking up his hat, tried, by a flank movement, to get between the enemy and his line of retreat.

"I am sure he is a real gentleman, and knows how to behave as such. It is a pleasure to deal with liberal, right-minded people,

what isn't forever haggling over sixpences and shillings. But, between you and me, sir, though I am none of your soft-spoken, humbugging sort, I never did meet the match of Miss Ella—Mrs. Wilton, I mean—she is that good and steady, a wearin' of herself to the bone for any one that wants. And for all the colonel's a fine man, and a pleasant man, and an open-handed man, if ever he takes to worrying or bla'guarding, I would help her through the divorce-court with the last shilling that ever I've scraped together rising early and working hard; you mind that."

With these emphatic words, Mrs. Kershaw flung the door suddenly wide open, and the major, bowing, hastily shot into the street with a rapidity more creditable to Mrs. Kershaw's eloquence than his own steadiness under fire.

CHAPTER XI.

On! the bliss of those early days! The strange sweetness of their new companionship! The weather, too, was propitious—balmy and mild, though spring was yet young, with unutterable freshness and hope in its breath and coloring. The delicious sense of safety from all intruders; the delight of being at home with Ella; of winning her complete confidence! Never before had Wilton tasted the joy of associating with a woman who was neither a toy nor a torment, but a true, though softer, comrade, whose every movement and attitude charmed and satisfied his taste, and whose quick sense of beauty, of character, and of the droll sides of things, gave endless variety to their every-day intercourse.

Theirs was no mere fool's paradise of love and kisses. Sketching and fishing, the days flew by. Wilton had decided that the little inn at Vigères was too noisy and uncomfortable to be endured, and Ella had found lodgings in the house of a small proprietor, who sometimes accommodated lovers of the gentle craft, and, moreover, found favor in the eyes of the landlord and his bright-eyed, high-capped Norman cook and house-keeper, her fluent French and knowledge of foreign housewifery exciting admiration and respect. It was a straggling, gray-stone edifice, just outside the village, with a very untidy yard behind, and a less untidy garden in front, where a sun-dial, all mossed and lichen-covered, was half buried in great, tangled bushes of roses and fuchsias; on this a large, scantily-furnished *salon* looked out, and beyond the garden on an undulating plain, with the sea and Mont St. Michel in the blue distance, with a dark mass of forest on the uplands to the south—a wide stretch of country, ever changing its aspect, as the broad shadows of the slow or quick-sailing clouds swept over it, or the level rays of the gradually-lengthening sunset bathed it with the peculiar yellow, golden spring light, so different from the rich red tinge of autumn. Winding round the base of the abrupt hill on which Vigères, like so many Norman villages, was perched, was a tolerably large stream, renowned in the neighborhood, and, though left to take care of itself, still affording fair sport. It led

away through a melancholy wood and some wide, unfenced pasturage, to the neglected grounds of a chateau, with the intendant of which Wilton, aided by Ella, held many a long talk on farming, politics, and every subject under the sun.

These rambles had an inexpressible charm—a mingled sense of freedom and occupation. Then the repose of evening, as night closed in; the amusement of watching Ella at her work or drawing; to lead her on to unconsciously picturesque reminiscences; to compare their utterly different impressions and ideas—for Ella was not self-opinionated—though frank and individual, she was aware her convictions were but the echo of those she had heard all her life, and she listened with the deepest interest to her husband's, even while she did not agree—these pleasant communings were so new to Wilton, so different from all his former experience, that perhaps time has seldom sped on so lightly during a honey-moon. Ella was utterly unconventional, and yet a gentlewoman to the core, transparently candid, and, if such a term can be permitted, gifted with a noble homeliness that made affectation, or assumption, or unreality of any kind, impossible to her. Whether she made a vivid, free translation from some favorite Italian poet at Wilton's request, or took a lesson from him in tying flies, or gave him one in drawing, or dusted their sitting-room, or (as Wilton more than once found her) did some bit of special cooking in the big, brown kitchen, while Manon looked on, with her hands in her apron-pockets, talking volubly, she was always the same—quiet, earnest, doing her very best, with the inexpressible tranquillity of a single purpose. Then the shy tenderness and grace of her rare caresses—the delicate reserve that had always something yet to give, and which not even the terrible ordeal of wedded intimacy could scorch up—these were elements of an inexhaustible charm—at least to a man of Wilton's calibre.

It was evening—the evening of a very bright, clear day. Wilton had started early on a distant expedition, with a son of their host for a guide, and had returned to a late dinner. It had been too long a walk for Ella to undertake, and now she sat beside her husband under the window of their *salon*, in the violet-scented air of an April night, as it grew softly dusk. Wilton was enjoying pleasant rest, after just enough fatigue to make it welcome, and watching, with a lazy, luxurious sense of satisfaction, the movements of Ella's little deft fingers, as she twisted some red ribbon into an effective bow, and pinned it upon an edifice of lace, which Wilton could not quite make out.

"What can that thing be for, Ella? You are not going to wear it?" he asked, at last.

"Wear it? Oh, no! It is for Manon; she begged me to make her a Parisian cap. I advised her to keep to her charming Norman head-dress; but no! Monsieur le Curé's house-keeper has a cap from Paris, and Manon is not to be outdone; so she gave me the lace, and I contributed the ribbon. Do you know, this lace is very lovely? Look at it."

"I suppose it is; but I am glad to find you admire lace; I was afraid you were above dress."

"Indeed I am not; but I always liked—I had almost said loved—lace. I would prefer lace to jewels, if the choice were offered me. And then a hat or a bonnet is a source of joy, if they suit me."

"And we have been here nearly a month—"

"A month yesterday," observed Ella, softly, with a happy smile.

"Time passes quickly in paradise," said Wilton, leaning caressingly toward his companion.—"But, I was going to say, we have been here a month, and you have never had a chance of shopping. It is a dear delight to shop, is it not?"

"I do not know," replied Ella, laughing, and turning her work to view it on all sides. "I never had any money to spend in shops."

"I should like to see you under fire—I mean in temptation. Suppose we go over to A—for a day or two? that is the nearest approach to a dazzling scene we can manage."

"As you like; but, dear Ralph"—looking wistfully out over the garden—"I love this place, and am loath to take even a day from the few that remain to us here. I suppose we must soon leave for London?"

"You would like to stay here always?"

"No," returned Ella, "certainly not; stagnation would not suit either of us, though I deeply enjoy this sweet resting-place. It will soon be time to move on."

"We have a fortnight still before us, so we will run over to A—to-morrow. Our host can lend us his *shandran*, with that monstrous gray mare, to drive over there. I know you expressed a great wish to sketch some of those picturesque old towers as we came through, and you shall buy some lace if you like. I have had so much fishing that I shall come back with renewed zest after a short break."

"Yes; I should greatly like to take some sketches in A—; but, as to buying lace, do you know we spend a quantity of money here?—I am astonished and shocked to think how much."

"Then I am afraid I have been a very extravagant fellow, for I do not think I ever spent so little in the same space of time before. But talking of money reminds me I must write to Lord St. George. I have forgotten all about him—all about every one except you, you little demure sorceress!"

"Do not forget him, if he is old and a relation."

"Well, I will write to him to-morrow. It is not much matter; he will never see my face again."

"Because you married me?"

"This is really a very picturesque place," said Ella, as they strolled through the principal street of A—, and ascended the plateau, once adorned by a cathedral; "but, after all, there is more cheerfulness in English scenery. I miss the gentlemen's seats, the look of occupation, the sense of life that springs from individual freedom. Tyranny

and want of cultivation—these are the real 'phantoms of fright.'"

"Yes; we have never mistaken licence for liberty in England," returned Wilton, with genuine John-Bullism.

"Thanks to your early training," said Ella, smiling; "but if for centuries you had never been allowed to stand or walk without leading-strings, supports, restraints on the right hand and on the left, and had then been suddenly set free, with all accustomed stays wrenched from you, do you think you would not have stumbled and fallen like your neighbors?"

"True, O queen! but why did not our neighbors begin to train themselves in time? They are of different stuff; there lies the key to the puzzle."

"And in the might of circumstance," put in Ella, "you can never thank Heaven enough for your insular position; but there is something in race."

"No doubt of it. Look at this man coming toward us; you could never mistake him for any thing but a Briton."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Ella; "and"—drawing a little near to him—"is it not your cousin, St. George Wilton?"

"By Jove! you are right, Ella. What can bring him here?"

The object of their remark was facing them as Colonel Wilton ceased to speak.

"Ralph Wilton—Miss—" St. George stopped himself in his exclamation, and then continued, raising his hat with a soft but meaning smile, "I little thought I should encounter you in this remote region!"

"Nor I you," returned Wilton, bluntly. "Mrs. Wilton and I have been staying near this, at a place called Vigères, where there is very tolerable fishing, and drove over this morning to look at this old town. What brings you so far from the haunts of men?"

"The vagaries of an old woman, if it be not too irreverend to say so," replied St. George, raising his hat again with profound respect as his cousin pronounced the words "Mrs. Wilton." "I have an aged aunt who, for some inscrutable reason, chooses to mortify her flesh and spare her pocket by residing here. I never dreamed I should meet with such a vision of happiness as—Mrs. Wilton and yourself in this fossilized place."

There was just a slight, significant pause before the name "Mrs. Wilton," which caught her husband's ear, and it sounded to him like a veiled suspicion.

"Where are you staying?" he asked.

"Oh, at the Hôtel du Nord. My aunt wishes the pleasure of a visit from me, but declines to put me up."

"We are just going to dine at your hotel," said Colonel Wilton, "and will be very happy if you will join us."

St. George accepted his cousin's invitation with his best air of frank cordiality. It was a very pleasant dinner; nothing could be more agreeable than the accomplished *attaché*. His tone of cousinly courtesy to Ella was perfect; his air of well-regulated enjoyment positively exhilarating. Wilton never thought he should like his kinsman's society so much. Even Ella warmed to him comparatively, and, though more disposed to listen than to talk,

contributed no small share to the brightness of the conversation.

At last it was time to undertake the homeward drive to Vigères, some four or five miles up and down hill. While waiting for the remarkable-looking vehicle in which the journey was to be performed, St. George Wilton found a moment to speak with his cousin alone.

"And it is a real, *bona-fide* marriage, Ralph?"

"Real as if the Archbishop of Canterbury had performed it, with a couple of junior officers to help him."

St. George was silent, and affected to busy himself in preparing a cigar. Not even his trained self-control could enable him to command his voice sufficiently to hide the enormous contempt that such a piece of frantic insanity inspired.

"So very charming a person as Mrs. Wilton," said he at last, blandly, "may well excuse the imprudence of a love-match; but let me ask, merely that I may know how to act, is it an open as well as a *bona-fide* marriage? I mean, do you wish it concealed from our friend Lord St. George, because—"

"Certainly not," interrupted Colonel Wilton. "I have not written to inform him of it, for he has left my last letter some months unanswered, and did not think he cared to hear from me; but, as it is possible he may fancy I intended to make a secret of my marriage, I will write to him to-morrow."

"It is not of much importance," said St. George, checking the dawning of a contemptuous smile. "Whatever view he takes of the subject will be inimical to your interests. Suppose I were to call upon him and explain matters? I start for London to-morrow morning."

"I will not trouble you," said Wilton, a little stiffly; and, Ella appearing at that moment in the door-way, the conversation took a different turn.

"Draw your cloak closer, Ella," said her husband, as they proceeded homeward under the soft silver of a young May moon at the sober pace which was their steed's fastest; "there is a tinge of east in the wind. I began our acquaintance by wrapping you up, and I see I shall always be obliged to make you take care of yourself."

"I take care of myself now," she replied, nestling nearer to him. "I did not think your cousin could be so agreeable," she continued.

"Nor I," said Wilton, shortly.

"Yet," resumed Ella, "I can never banish my first impression of him."

"What was it?"

"That he could always keep faith in the letter and break it in the spirit; that he could betray in the most polished manner possible, without ever committing any vulgar error that law or society could fasten upon."

"Upon my soul, you have made a very nice estimate of the only member of your new family with whom you have come in contact. And where, pray, have you found such well-defined ideas of treachery? I did not think there was so much of this world's

lore in that pretty little head. How did you learn it?"

"Ah, treachery is a thing I have often known! The wonder is, as my father used to say, that, where so many powerful temptations surrounded us, poor political outcasts, so few proved false."

"Yet you have not learned to be suspicious, Ella?"

"Heaven forbid! No one who is really true at heart ever really learns to be suspicious."

Wilton fulfilled his intention the following day, and wrote a short, simple account of his marriage to Lord St. George, regretting that he should be a source of disappointment to him, and stating that he, of course, held him quite exonerated from any promise, implied or not, respecting his property.

It was quite a relief to him, having accomplished this. He had now cut himself adrift from all chances of social preëminence; it remained to work up in his profession, and his thoughts naturally turned to India. Great changes, civil and military, were pending there; his own services had been recognized by men high in office; already the breath of the outer world had somewhat withered the loveliness of his Arcadia—it was time for him to be up and doing.

"Ella! come here, darling. I am afraid we must go back to London and common life next week; so let us make an expedition to Mont St.-Michel to-morrow. How does the tide serve?"

Three or four happy days were spent in visiting the strange fortress-prison and Old-World picturesque little town of Granville; in delicious rambles and abundant sketching. Ella was absolutely excited by the wealth of subjects, all of a new character to her, which offered themselves for her pencil. But Wilton had exhausted his slender capacity for repose, and, having thoroughly enjoyed himself, was once more longing for active life.

The day but one after their return from this brief expedition, a letter reached Wilton from the family solicitor. He had been out smoking, and talking of farming with the landlord; and Ella remarked, as he took the letter, that he exclaimed, as if to himself, "From old Kenrick! what can he want?" His countenance changed as he read; and then, throwing down the letter, he cried: "I wish to Heaven I had written to him before! He has passed away, doubting me!"

"Who?" asked Ella, trembling with a sudden apprehension of evil.

"Poor old St. George!—the old man of whom I have spoken to you."

"Your marriage has not broken his heart, I trust?"

"No; I am not sure he had a heart to break. But, Ella, you have turned pale, my own darling! Do not torment yourself; the living or dying of every one belonging to me can never affect my happiness with you; you are worth them all to me. But this letter—here, read it." And, passing one arm round her, Wilton held out the letter for her to peruse. "You see," he continued, "Kenrick (he is Lord St. George's solicitor and the Wiltons' solicitor generally) says he has died suddenly, without a will. I am his heir-presump-

tive and nearest of kin—the only person entitled to act or to give directions. We must, therefore, start for London to-morrow. I will see Monsieur le Propriétaire, and settle with him at once."

Ella sighed, and cast one long look out into the garden, where the bees were humming and the first roses blooming, and away over the variegated, map-like country beyond, with its distant, dim blue line of sea—a farewell look at the scene where she had tasted for the first time in a somewhat sad existence the divine cup of full, fresh delight; then, holding her cheek to her husband's kiss, gently disengaged herself, and went away to prepare for turning over a new leaf in the book of life.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

IN a literary sense, the streets of New York are most dishearteningly unclassical. Story-tellers especially have a dilettant kind of disinclination toward weaving such words as Broadway, Fifth Avenue, East Forty-third Street, into the web of fiction. While Temple Bar smacks of all supreme old-time respectability, and the most fastidious of tale-writers would willingly employ its three rhythmic syllables, poor Union Square can ill get itself noticed, and must possibly wait a trifle of one or two centuries longer before it outlives the misfortune of its newness.

But, if this be thus with the better-class New-York streets, what temerity for me to dare open my little story amid such inexcusable surroundings as—the Bowery! And yet here is where I find my humble hero living, at the age of fifteen years.

He is by no means an aristocratic Boweryite, either. He dwells over nothing half so splendid as one of those ubiquitous jewelry-shops that display their opulence of Brummagem along the turbulent thoroughfare. It is in the lower Bowery that he dwells, where the jewelry-shops grow more infrequent as the second-hand commodity-stores become thicker, and as the pedestrian's ability to purchase a seemingly-desirable pair of winter-trousers for three dollars waxes more and more evident.

It is a three-story house, whose modest height of brick loftier roofs overtop on every side. It is owned by the most scriptural-looking Moses who has ever existed, possibly, since him of primeval days. He is a tobaccoist, and his costume is no less negligent than it is unpicturesque; but that superb patriarchal beard, inundating his breast in raven opulence; that insistent semicircle of nose and that nobly commanding stature—surely all these were better the accompaniments of some new Exodus, one might fancy, than the daily dealing out of killekinick and bird's-eye.

This mosaic anachronism rents two rooms on his top floor to Little Boy Blue's mother. Then, on the floor below, there is an old blind man, who sits all day and plaits baskets, which he does, by-the-by, with exquisite and unusual skill. His name is Delmar, and he can quote you whole passages from Virgil and the "Iliad." If you ask him how

he came to be so very learned, he will shake his poor old head, on which the shining snow-white hair fringes a pink hillock of scalp, and answer:

"Never mind. No use to tell. Life's all ups and downs, you know—all ups and downs."

Mr. Delmar has a daughter, a slim, gaunt girl of about twenty, who might have been pretty if the dogged struggle she has kept up with poverty since fifteen had not wasted and paled her cheeks, furrowed her forehead, and set a worried light in each dark eye. Her name is Antoinette; like her father, she also sits still all day, but in a great room, amid clamors of many moving wheels, and receives from a drudge at her elbow a page of printed matter, which she subjects to a certain folding-process with the machinery facing her, and then hands to another drudge on the opposite side. She is not over-well recompensed, either, for a day of this keenly entertaining pastime. But Antoinette and her blind father manage to live, after a certain way. The girl worships her father; on Sundays (her only holidays) she will sit at his side for an hour at a time, quite often, with both his hands in both her own toll-hardened ones, and with her worried eyes fixed immovably on his wan and sightless face.

Nettie is generally very sleepy in the evenings, after the supper-things have been washed and put away. She is right fond of Little Boy Blue, who comes up from the second floor every night, from seven o'clock till nine, and is taught arithmetic, geography, spelling, and history, by her clever old father, after a method that his blindness makes purely dialogic; but poor Nettie usually falls asleep on a threadbare lounge in one of the corners, mixing her tired breathings with accounts of how Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, or with erudite remarks regarding the private habits of complex fractions.

Little Boy Blue, as old Mr. Delmar has for several years called him, is only a fanciful translation of the somewhat prosaic name Jimmy Joyce. When Jimmy was about fourteen years old he appeared before his instructor and Nettie, one evening, in a dingy but palpably blue jacket, with shimmering brass buttons.

To Jimmy it was a brand-new garment, though his hard-working mother, who washed and ironed at the most moderate of terms for bachelor Boweryites, might have said strongly disillusionizing things, perhaps, regarding its origin. But poor tired Nettie, just before her usual nap on the threadbare sofa that evening, admirably strengthened Jimmy's belief in the newness of his apparel, and smilingly called him by the sweet-sounding nursery name so rich with pretty suggestion to many a childish ear; and old Mr. Delmar, with that imaginatively retentive memory peculiar to the blind, clothed his young pupil in the same blue attire long after the jacket had defied even thrifty Mrs. Joyce's mending powers.

And now, seven years later, when Jimmy is full one-and-twenty, it is always "Good-evening, Little Boy Blue," with Mr. Delmar, as his pupil's light step crosses the floor for the first time each evening. Perhaps the mental image of Jimmy which his blind

teacher has shaped is a curiously ideal one. Perhaps Mr. Delmar chooses to ignore certain past information that Jimmy is much deformed, and only invests him with a kind of lovingly vague physical weakness and helplessness. But, whatever the old scholar has grown to see when he thinks of the little hunchback's face, the picture thus painted in dreamy colors of fancy alone stands fair chance of not wholly overshadowing the actual truth.

From Jimmy's painfully misshapen little body there rises a small but heavy-browed head, covered with pliant, silky hair of lustrous chestnut; his delicately-chiseled nose is of straightest outline; his mouth, sensitive, refined, with the upper lip slightly upcurving, well harmonizes with the pale oval of his face. But its large, luminous blue eyes are the chief charm which that face possesses. They are eyes that seem a mixture of lightest and of darkest blue tints, without at all resembling gray; and the lashes that nearly oversweep them, making oddest beauty of contrast with the boy's chestnut hair, are glosily black.

No rose of health, however timid, steals into those colorless cheeks of Jimmy's. "I never breathe very far down," he had once told his mother, with one of his sad little smiles; and in all other bodily ways his life seems a partial, restricted life, laboring under heaviest bondshipp, that weighs cruelly upon its frailty, and threatens each day to bring the last immediate fatigue. His deformity makes walking no pleasure to him, if not actual pain, and so he walks but rarely; his appetite is always meagre; it would indeed be hard to fancy a being with conditions of existence by necessity purely animal, who was at the same time less bound by what we call earthly or natural ties. The boy's body, indeed, would seem but a sort of fragile and already half-shattered scone, in which the lamp of his intellect had been set as a burden at once brilliant but over-ponderous. Devoted to his books, quick of apprehension, thirsting for knowledge after tasting the first few drops which Mr. Delmar gave him, he spends in reading and study hour after hour. The sound of his mother's washing floats monotonously in to him from the next room; or sometimes it is the audible portion of the ironing-process which goes on there. Now and then Mrs. Joyce will call in her rasping, coarse, but very kindly voice:

"Jimmy!"

"Yes, ma" (most absently).

Mrs. Joyce has nothing further to say, after this, but plunges her rubicund arms a little deeper into the suds, perhaps with a quiet sense of satisfaction that all is well with Jimmy.

"Sakes alive!" she once protested to Nettie Delmar, during a *little-dittle* with her young neighbor of the most private description, "I sometimes feel, Nettie, as if he'd pop off any day without a scrap o' warnin', havin' them turns, ye see, that makes his lips git blue and sets him a-gasping" (Mrs. Joyce occasionally pronounces with great distinctness the final letter of her participle) "and a-gasping for longer'n you'd think he could possibly live so. And then his brain,

ye see, ain't got nothin' to feed on, for the youngster won't eat mor'n would keep a sick ant alive, and his poor little twisted body can't supply what's wanted to balance the book-learnin' that's poured into him. I don't know how it'll be—whether his heart'll fetch him fast, or his brain; but, Nettie, it's like going out in a wind with a lighted candle, for one to keep him a-living at all. There's a good deal of fluster with your hand here and your hand there, but, puff! out goes your candle in a little while, and all your pains costs nothin'. I've done a deal to save Jimmy—the Lord knows I have!—but he's slippin' away from me month after month. He's gettin' more—what's that 'ere word?—yes, sperritual. I can see it plain enough, though p'aps there's them as can't."

"You mean poor father," Nettie now murmurs. "He doesn't see, of course, that too much study injures Jimmy's health. I'll tell him."

"No. Don't." One of Mrs. Joyce's great rosy hands falls on Nettie's thin arms. "Don't," she progresses. "It's no use, now. It would only kill the poor boy quicker. But there's other reasons, Nettie, why I hate all this learnin' for my Jimmy."

Nettie widens her large, dark, worried eyes. "Other reasons, Mrs. Joyce?"

The washer-woman looks down at her rag-carpeted floor a moment. Her face is a homely, unimportant face enough; you would pass it in a crowd without a thought, as a very commonplace union of rather meaningless features. But upon that face, when Mrs. Joyce again lifts it to Nettie's view, so intensely human a touch of sorrow lies written that the girl feels a light thrill of dumb sympathy through all her frame. And the next instant her labor-hardened hand is clasping Mrs. Joyce's, abnormally softened by much experience in soap-suds and hot water. There are hand-pressures of this sort occasionally given and taken in the world that express quite as much to the donor and recipient as when the most aristocratic palms, soft with fine living, meet each other. And thank God that it is true!

"Tell me," Nettie gently proposes. And Mrs. Joyce tells her.

"The book-learnin' takes him away from me. It's so, Nettie. Don't shake your head, child; it's so. I seen it a little at first; now I see it a great deal. Sakes alive! ain't I got eyes in my head, and—and a heart in my bosom? He tries hard enough, poor lamb, not to show me that I'm all changed to him—not to show me that he's gittin' ashamed o' me, but—"

"No, no, I won't let you say another such word!" cries Nettie. "You're all wrong. He loves you just as much, and he's just as proud of what you do for him, as he was seven years ago. You mustn't think this. I know what it would be if I thought it of father! He's all I've got in the world—he's why I struggle on and grind my teeth and won't give in, when my head aches to split, and my back feels numb with sitting too long and with bending over too much. And Jimmy's why you won't give in either! And you're wrong, and you sha'n't have such thoughts! Trust to me," the girl speeds on,

her white cheek nearer to flushing than it has been for months, and her dark, rounded eyes filled with a sweet light that drowns all their worriment of look. "If I thought what you tell me was true, Jimmy should never say another lesson to father—there!"

Nettie's vigorous outburst is not without its good effect on Mrs. Joyce, who is deeply attached to her and most respectful of her opinion. After this interview the honest washer-woman feels comforted in spite of herself. "Nettie says I'm wrong, and Nettie's a knowin' gal," she more than once mutely whispers to her doubting heart; and its doubt, if not stilled forthwith, is at least quieted a little.

Nothing can be more tranquilly unrippled than the calmness of Jimmy's present life. If his surroundings are far from luxurious, they possess at least very careful features. He rarely leaves the house, and then usually on Sundays, walking a few blocks, with his white, slim hand clasped tight in that of Nettie or his mother—a small, pitifully dwarfed shape, at which more than one passer's eye looks covert compassion. His days are spent poring over his few books, among which are certain old volumes of travel, biography, or history, which Nettie mysteriously produces and hands to him on certain occasions, receiving his eager-spoken thanks, and thanks dumbly uttered as well by his great, luminous, strange-shaded eyes. Nettie eases his sense of obligation by telling him what to other ears would scarcely sound plausible. There is the keeper of a book-stall not far off, she states, who loans her the books, and doesn't charge for them. "You must take the best care of them," she goes on, in a frankly confidential way, "or old Mr. Flynn won't let me have any more." Jimmy never dreams of not believing it all, and Nettie takes secret pleasure in paying weekly the few, hard-worn pennies that Mr. Flynn, whoever he may be, makes the price of Jimmy's exquisite contentment.

But something now rudely breaks in upon this contentment, and that something is the sudden sickness of his mother. Mrs. Joyce is at her wash-tub to-day, as it were, doing excellent justice to the raiments under her charge, and to-morrow, what she forcibly defines as "queer creepin' chills in the body and hot flushes to the head" assail her with an ominous obstinacy. She sticks to her work all through this next day, but when Nettie arrives home in the evening she finds Jimmy waiting for her down-stairs, with a troubled face and restless eyes.

"If you're not too tired, I wish you'd go up and see ma," he says. "She isn't well. She would work to-day, though I begged her not to; and now she's on the bed, so tired that she can't get tea, and, oh, so sick-looking! It's her head, she says, and sometimes she groans quite loud, with her eyes tight-shut."

By this time Nettie's face, always so deeply marked with fatigue, at the present hour wears an anxiously interested look. She hurries up-stairs, without removing her dingy bonnet and her faded shawl. Jimmy's words have been true enough. When Nettie takes the washer-woman's broad, red hand, it is

so hot with fever that the girl nearly drops it in her dismay. Nettle has seen sickness of this sort before now; girls who fight for inch after inch of livelihood, sometimes find their vital force collapse in the same distressing way; and Nettle has held within her own other hot hands than this of poor Mrs. Joyce's.

She knows that a doctor must be gotten at once, and, notwithstanding her dead-tired limbs, flies out in search of one. About a half hour later a lean little man, with hyacinthine locks that nearly touch his shoulders, and a ruby in a soiled shirt-bosom, stands at Mrs. Joyce's bedside. The lean little man has to come quite often during next week. He is a good physician, in spite of the ruby and the long hair, which are doubtless eccentricities of talent; and he tells Nettle, before many days, that there is no hope for Mrs. Joyce except the little that is always felt while a fever lasts, no matter how terribly severe a form it may have taken.

Nettle has shivered at the thought of being compelled to leave her work while acting as nurse, and, on the first morning that followed Mrs. Joyce's sickness, she was yet tremblingly doubtful as to where her duty lay, when Jimmy's soft voice, in resolute undertone, told her what to do.

"You musn't think of staying home to-day, Nettle. Something makes me fancy that you are thinking of it. I can nurse ma."

"You, Jimmy?" (in tones where Nettle's delicacy of feeling struggles with her strong distrust).

"Yes, Nettle. I know what medicines to give, and I'm strong enough to bathe her head, and all that. And, if I want help, I can get it from Mrs. Moses down-stairs. She has been very kind already, you know, and full of sympathy, but we can't expect her to come up more than every now and then, with those baby-twins always crying after her, and with those three other peevish little youngsters besides."

"And you really believe you can do every thing, Jimmy?" Nettle questions, looking as though a touch of distrust yet remained with her, but a touch only.

"I am quite sure," Jimmy answers. And he is all the nurse that Mrs. Joyce has, at least throughout the day, for a whole week afterward. And when this week is past, the poor creature, with her life just flickering, and no more, in the chill breath of death which blows upon it, needs but slight nursing, truly!

His office has told upon Jimmy at the end of the week. No such feebly-delicate organization as his can endure much of the anxious vigil-keeping through which he has passed. His eyes look larger; every line of his face seems sharpened; now and then you see a trembling of his slim hands when he reaches forth to take any thing. But he has made a capable, alert nurse, and the little, lean doctor compliments him on his efficiency. Nettle has insisted on sleeping every night at Mrs. Joyce's bedside, and the girl's tired eyelids have always fallen permanently on her tired eyes a little while after head touched pillow, never lifting themselves before morning. But the least moan, the vaguest sound from

the sick woman, has roused Jimmy, and made him steal in from the next room to soothe, howsoever he might, the invalid's half-conscious sufferings.

They no longer seem sufferings, toward the last. It is evening—the twilight of a mild April day—and Jimmy sits motionless at the bedside, knowing that his mother must die soon, and trying to comfort himself with the thought that in the stolid vacuity of her flushed, swollen face there is no sign of bodily pain.

Shadows fill the homely, ill-furnished room. Jimmy has a book in his lap, but he has long since ceased reading—some time, in truth, before the dusk so deepened. He is staring straight ahead into the darkening dimness, as though he saw there what everybody might not see. Certain words and fragments of disjointed sentences, spoken by his mother in her delirium, repeat themselves perpetually through his brain. He cannot rid himself of them, nor of the strange, new, and vaguely thrilling thoughts which they suggest.

A large clock, with its quick tick, breaks upon the stillness. Outside there is the dreamy, muffled clamor of passing cart and street-car—sounds to which Jimmy's ear is so used that he scarcely recognizes them as sounds at all. His mother has not moaned, nor even given one of her loud sighs, nor spoken a syllable, however incoherently, for a full hour. Suddenly, to his keen astonishment, he hears her pronounce his own name with a distinctness and clearness that, in spite of her low tone, is very marked.

"Jimmy!"

"Yes."

He has slipped from his chair, and stands close beside her in the dusk almost while this brief answer leaves his lips.

"Jimmy, I'm awful sick. I'm sick to death."

He knows now that she is quite conscious.

"Oh, not so bad as that, ma," he responds, with a faint cheeriness of voice that he wants hard enough to be much stronger than it is.

"Yes, yes, I know," comes the lingering reply. He can scarcely see her face now for the dimness close over it as he bends.

"Jimmy, before I go I must say something to you."

"Yes, ma."

His heart is fluttering already within his narrow, misshapen breast. What is she going to tell him? Will it relate to those few fragmentary outbursts of queer language that he has lately heard, and marveled at, and trembled over?

There is quite a long pause then; and how the clock ticks while it lasts! The world stands still with Jimmy for a few seconds. If ever there was such a thing as really breathless suspense he feels it now.

And at length the low voice, that seems to strive so hard, as it progresses, against some chill assailing force bidding it be silent, slowly recommences:

"Jimmy, I am going, and before I go I must tell you. I meant to tell you long since—three years at least. But something's

kep' me back—kep' me back. And that something's been a fear o' makin' yer turn from me that's loved yer and stood by yer from the fust minnit yer was born.—Oh, there's your little hand a-slipplin' into mine; and thank God! for I believe yer know it all a'ready, bein' so wonderful cute nowadays with your book-learnin'. But yer can't blame me so much, Jimmy, though p'aps I'm far from havin' done jest right. Sakes alive, my boy! there yer was a layin' at yer mother's side, her first-born, and she all o' a tremble and like to die any minnit, for you wasn't a day old; and there was your pa a-walkin' up and down his librey with the blackest face I ever see, thinkin' to himself how he'd waited five years for a son, and when you come at last you was all twisted askew. I felt dref'ful when I looked at your poor ma, but I got mad enough at the way your pa took on. I was the hired monthly nurse, you know, and I staid in that ere house full two months afore they'd hear o' my goin'. And your pa, toward the last, was no better in his mind, as I plainly see, than when you fust come; so one day I says to him, right out square, when only us two was in the room besides yourself, and you was in these ere arms, Jimmy, strong as they was then and weak as they be now: 'It's lived longer'n I thought it would, poor crittur,' I says, a-looking down at you. He'd been a starin' at yer too, Jimmy, and with that he raised his eyes and gave me one o' his ugly looks; and he could look ugly, as your poor ma's knowed many and many a time. 'Martha,' says he, 'if it lives much longer I shall feel like a-stranglin' of it myself.' O Jimmy, I near to dropt you plump down on the floor when I hear them words spoke, and he your own father as spoke 'em! And then, a minnit after, 'O Martha,' says he, a-trying to smile off-hand-like though he couldn't hardly get his mouth to do it for him, 'I didn't mean that, of course. But it's a great disappointment, you know.' By this time, Jimmy, I was all afire inside kinder. Says I, in a flusterin' voice, 'Let me have him till he does die,' says I, 'for I love him like he was my own, and he's a thorn in your flesh, sir, while he lives.' He didn't seem much surprised when I said this, Jimmy. He just stared me straight in the face for ever so long before he answered. And then it wasn't no real answer, neither. 'It can't live more than two years. Three doctors have said that.' 'Give him to me, sir,' says I, when I heard them words, 'so as you sha'n't be pestered even for such a short time as two years is;' but O Jimmy, I felt all the while I was sayin' it as if nothing was too bad for such a father! Don't you hate him, my boy—that is, don't you hate his memory, for he's dead now. But I hated him then, as I hugged your poor little body closer to my heart. Well, he let me have yer, though I was for not takin' yer at all when I saw how your ma went on at the thought of your leavin' her, though she'd never had a drop o' milk to give yer since the hour you was born, and you was brought up on the bottle right from the fust. But your pa hushed her down, and looked at me in that thunder-cloudish way o' his when I began to back out. So one day I slipped

from the house with you under my shawl, and nobody a bit the wiser. And then I left the nursin' business for two full years, jest livin' on the handsome support your pa paid for you; he was awful rich, you see, was your pa, Jimmy. But the money burnt my hands, for all that, since I hadn't wanted you, Jimmy, any more 'cause o' my own love for yer than 'cause o' your pa's hate; and now to be takin' money from him as would have been glad to hear you was dead—well, it went against the grain. Them two years was full o' conscience-twinges, and at last, when I heard they'd got another child, and a good, straight-limbed boy this time, I jest wrote, Jimmy—I wrote."

"Yes. You wrote."

Jimmy's voice sounds odd and hollow in the darkness.

"Where's your hand, Jimmy? You've took it away, boy."

"Here it is."

"You don't call me 'ma' any more. Say it once more, please. I'm goin', you know. Say it jest once more."

"Why, yes. Here's my hand, ma; don't you feel it?"

"That's right. Let it cling, so, Jimmy. It tells me you ain't turned against me yet. I wrote 'em, Jimmy, that you was dead. And your pa sent me a big check three days after, and a note sayin' there was a fine boy born to him. And I sent back the check with a piece o' blank paper folded round it. Wasn't that right?"

"Yes. That was right."

"Well, and after that I did the best I could for a livin' for both o' us. The nursin' business wasn't no good any more. I'd lost my old connecksun, and there wasn't nothing in that line I could find to do, and the want o' ready money made me take to washin', and I've stuck to it ever since. And—now I'm gittin' tired, Jimmy. I've told yer all."

"No, not all, have you?"

The words are very low and gently spoken, but there is a firm insistence about them that makes the invalid (though Jimmy can only vaguely see this) lift her lowered lids in a quick way.

"You haven't told me if my mother is living yet, and where I can find her. She never wanted to give me up, you know. She'd have kept me." Jimmy's voice loudens appealingly now, as he leans closer over his dying protectress. "Tell me where I can find her, if she's living," he goes on, a plaintive and eager energy ringing in every tone. "What you said in the fever and what you've said just now—oh, it has been like a light, growing clearer and clearer all the time!—a sweet light, somehow full of hope and happiness! And—and it's like something I've been waitin' for and been expecting through years, and only just now known how much I waited for it—how much I expected it!"

"Oh, yes. It was the book-learnin', Jimmy. I says to Nettie once—"

"Oh, never mind Nettie, please." Very wildly once more within its misshapen walls flutters Jimmy's little imprisoned heart, and his breath comes in quick pants against the sick woman's cheek as he leans closer, closer

above her. "Tell me all you know, straight off. It won't take long. Here's my hand in yours. You've done right, and I thank you, thank you, for all the trouble I've cost. Take a minute to think, so you'll be quite sure, and then tell me!"

A little later, that same evening, when Nettie enters the sick-room, she finds it lighted, and Jimmy seated at the bedside with Mrs. Joyce's hand in his. Mrs. Joyce has fallen asleep a few moments ago, Jimmy whisperingly tells her, with a raised forefinger, just as she crosses the threshold.

She sleeps so tranquilly and steadily on through half the night that Jimmy has grown a firm believer in her recovery, notwithstanding what the lean little doctor has told him. But just before dawn she wakes, talking incoherent things, and looking about her with wildness in the dull candle-light. Nearly on the instant Jimmy's sleeping ear has caught the sound; he reaches her bedside just in time to hear—

"She's fond o' the poor young 'un, sir, if you ain't. I can't take it! She'd never forgive me—never—never!"

The words die away into an inarticulate murmur. The woman's eyes close; she sighs once heavily; her head sinks deeper into the pillow; a profound, exhausted sleep seems to possess her.

Those words are the last she ever speaks, and her eyelids never again lift themselves. Just as the first white of dawn pales the yellow flashes of the burnt-out candle, her breathing stops with flutteringly gradual slowness. It is a very peaceful death—so peaceful that Jimmy does not know of it, sleeping a little more deeply at dawn, as we are all wont to do.

What services Jimmy could perform for the dying he can scarcely render to the dead. Nettie sees this, and takes upon herself the preparations for the simple funeral. She manages every thing with nicety of common-sense, and with a sort of dolorous economy as well, that has perhaps a stronger element of pathos in it than the grand floral features of certain modern burials. No doubt Jimmy, however, would protest against Nettie stealing two whole days from her precious toil, and declare himself able to arrange all the dolorous details, were it not that during those same two days he is powerless to quit his bed. An intense exhaustion has succeeded his labors of vigil-keeping. He knows, in a sort of vague, inner way that these labors have just let him off with his life. He has never felt so keenly as now the brittle fragility, as it were, of his physical being; and it is a sad coexistent thought with him that his desire for strength and health never sprang from a more forceful cause than at present.

Perhaps Mrs. Joyce, in her uncouth mode of putting it, has been quite right, after all. The "book-learnin'" had, no doubt, made poor Jimmy darkly yearn in past days for a kinship of closer spiritual congeniality than any thing which Mrs. Joyce could possibly afford. Whether something in his nature has been sadly coincident with bodily deformity, and he has reached those years which complete manhood without sexual recognition of other

congeniality, closer and sweeter yet, it is hard surely to determine; but, however this may be, his dumb, strange longings seem to have instantly grown no longer objectless after the first ray of absolute knowledge concerning his birth breaks clear and vivid through the darkness of previous ignorance. Imagination, hurrying back along the distances of memory, tinges every reminiscence with rosy explanation. This is the goal toward which he has so long groped darkling! The chills of causeless dissatisfaction, the dim, unexplained sense of need, the haunting wish for an attainment obscure and undefinable, all is made beautifully clear to him. What he has wanted so long has been his lost mother! Hundreds of images, each sweet-eyed and vested with the loveliest graces of culture, float through his overstrained brain. He feels the touchings of soft hands within his own; he trembles under the contact of pure welcoming kisses; he hears gently liquid tones name his name. The fanciful portions of his reading—by no means limited, and nearly always under the classic influence of erudite old Mr. Delmar's supervision—exhaust their portrait-galleries of remembrance to feed his craving after some bright conception that shall be substituted for the deferred reality. He has learned that she lives, and he is resolved to see her before he dies. Shall it be said that this resolve, acting upon his present weakness, nerves it to unnatural strength and fires it into a sort of partial and perilous - flickering recovery? Biographies teem with such instances, if we are to credit their testimony, and, until those subtle relations between mind and body are less imperfectly grasped, we must believe that what is so ill understood as the human will can assert itself by bursts of spasmodic dominance, and sometimes, superb in short-lived power, make its own terms even with death.

From whatever cause it happens, an effect of this nature would seem to have taken place in Jimmy's condition three days after Mrs. Joyce's funeral. Nettie, loath to leave him each morning of these successive days, finds him one evening able to rise and walk, though somewhat feebly, about the room.

"You're better, Little Boy Blue," she rejoices, her wan face lit with a smile while she unconsciously uses the old nursery name that her father has long ago given his pupil. "I'm so glad, and father will be so glad."

Jimmy nods his thanks, seating himself a little tremblingly as he does so.

"Yes, Nettie," he answers. "I got down stairs to-day and saw your father. Did he tell you?"

"Yes; I've just seen him for a minute, though. I came straight up-stairs to you."

Jimmy nods again thoughtfully.

"We've had a talk, a long talk, your father and I. He'll tell you what I've said. I'm rather too tired to go over it all just now, and—I want to save my strength—for to-morrow" (letting these last words leave his lips very slowly, while it strikes Nettie that his odd blue eyes shine as she has never before seen them).

"For to-morrow?" the girl murmurs, puzzledly enough. "Why, Jimmy, what is to happen then?"

"I am going somewhere, Nettie," he returned, a faint smile rimming his white lips, "and—you are going with me, if you will. It is Sunday, so you'll have no work, you know; but your father will tell you all about it. I should like to try and sleep now. I sha'n't need much supper; but if you'll bring me down a little bread and some tea when you have your own, I shall be glad to take them. And, oh, now I remember, Nettie, it was so good of you to make Mrs. Moses have that gruel ready for me, while I've been sick, every time she brought up your father's dinner! Don't look mystified, now, for you, and nobody else, set her up to the kindness. She'd never have thought of it herself, poor woman! Those twins scream every thing out of her head."

Nettie is mystified, but for a different reason, and shows it when, a little later, she goes down-stairs into her father's room. She forgets all about the preparation of supper, and hurries up to her father's side, speaking, with a hand on each of the old basket-weaver's shoulders:

"Father, what is all this about Jimmy going somewhere with me to-morrow?"

A smile lights the blind man's lips. He shakes the white old head, with its pink hillock of baldness.

"Ups and downs, Nettie, my girl—ups and downs, that's what this world's made of. And our Little Boy Blue has reason to know it if ever anybody had. Human life will always be the same. *Vita est eadem ac fuit.*"

"O father, please don't tell it to me in Latin."

"No, no, Nettie! Well, to begin." And Mr. Delmar begins.

Nettie finds her friend sleeping very soundly and peacefully when she enters with his supper, quite a long while later, and so, leaving at his bedside what she has brought him, the girl steals down-stairs again to her own quarters.

While Nettie is preparing the Sunday breakfast on the following morning—a duty which she performs at the luxuriously late hour of eight o'clock—Jimmy surprises herself and father by appearing before them, neatly dressed in the best garments that he owns, and, although still noticeably pale, giving yet more marked signs of regained vigor than on the previous evening.

He receives very cordial welcome from both Nettie and Mr. Delmar. They soon sit down to breakfast, and the meal passes off smoothly, though perhaps not pleasurably for either of the three. A sense that this may be their last such social meeting fills each mind; but, through a wordless mutual understanding, nothing whatever is said on that or on any kindred subject.

Nettie and her father both wait for Jimmy himself to speak upon the one all-momentous matter. And they have to wait a considerable time; when the breakfast has been over a good hour, and the dishes are all washed and put away, and they are seated together in tranquil trio, he says, with a kind of slow suddenness, fixing the strange-shaded eyes full on Nettie's face:

"You'll go with me this afternoon, won't you?"

Nettie colors faintly.

"Yes, certainly. I was wanting you to speak of it."

"Let us start at about three o'clock," Jimmy proposes; and so the ice is broken, and for a long while those three warm friends sit and talk together of the curious death-bed story that may so alter one of their destinies. Once or twice the tears fill Jimmy's eyes while he tells them how he yearns to look upon his mother's face and touch her hand; and Nettie, thinking with a pang what false comfort she gave Mrs. Joyce about the effect upon him of the "book-learnin'," is nevertheless thrilled and softened into silent tearfulness by the thought of Jimmy's ardent yearning. Old Mr. Delmar, too, is not wholly master of his emotions; but they are comparatively well controlled until the hour comes for Jimmy's departure.

"And you're going to leave the poor blind man, Little Boy Blue?" he questions, while Jimmy places a hand in each of his, and Nettie, tidily shawled and bonneted, stands nearly ready. These words Mr. Delmar speaks in a very choked way, and two large tears leave his sightless eyes; and then Nettie coughs very nervously, and looks down at the floor, and Mr. Delmar, his voice nearly failing him, goes on:

"I know you may not stay, Jimmy, but if you should, remember to come back once in a while and see your old teacher. Promise you'll come, lad; and, while you promise, give me a good-by kiss, as in the other times when you were young enough to kiss me often!"

Almost passionately, then, Jimmy drops both the old man's hands, and, while Mr. Delmar bends expectantly forward, he throws both his frail, thin arms about his teacher's neck, and leaves more than a single kiss on the old scholar's white-bearded cheek.

"I promise—indeed, I do! I shall come back often, if God spares me! I sha'n't forget you, nor Nettie, either—not I!"

He is in a street-car with Nettie a little later, being jinglyingly borne over the first lengths of his journey. After some time they alight.

"Now we shall have to walk quite a distance," Nettie tells him. "Do you feel able to do it, Jimmy?"

"Oh, yes; I feel ever so strong to-day, you know."

"Well," decides Nettie, after a moment or two spent in scanning the pale, great-eyed face beneath her—"well, I shouldn't wonder if you'd stand it nicely. But give me your bundle, Jimmy."

He draws a small, brown-paper parcel closer to his breast.

"No, thank you, Nettie. I can hold it very well myself. It isn't at all heavy, you know."

They walk slowly along through the pleasant April afternoon. The street which they traverse is full of passers. Sometimes they meet happy-looking family-parties, in smart, homely gear, strolling leisurely on; an urchin, conscious of spick-and-span trousers; a five-year-old girl, conscientiously holding

her little brother's hand, while seeming not a trifle burdened under the unaccustomed honor of her radiant Sunday braveries; and behind a mother and a father and a baby—the father usually bearing his youngest offspring with more apparent fondness than graceful effect. Jimmy, who pays strict heed to all the passers, finds more pleasure in pedestrians of this sort than in some of the grandly-dressed ladies and their blameless-looking male escorts, who occasionally go by Nettie and his own humble self without any thing stronger than a glance of half-indifferent pity. For the little family-groups mean to him love—love of just the sort which he is going to seek—and their fates are somehow for the moment sweetly analogous to his own. The sympathy is vague as it is sweet; but, because of such vagueness, he feels the sweetness hardly less keenly.

At last they are standing before a great stone stoop of a great house, in a broad, lordly street.

Nettie speaks with a sort of awed tone.

"This is it, Jimmy. It must be the house, for, see, there's the number. Dare you go in?"

His eyes meet hers with a gentle fearlessness in their gaze.

"Dare I, Nettie? Oh, you don't know how much I dare do to get near her!"

A little silence.

"You will wait near by, you know, for—say, about fifteen minutes. There is a clock on that high church-steeple, you see—so you will be able to measure the time."

"And then, if you don't come out after the fifteen minutes, Jimmy, I—?"

"You're to go away. And to-morrow or next day you shall hear every thing."

Nettie looks at her charge anxiously in the lessening afternoon light.

"You're a little bit paler than you were when you got out of the car, Jimmy, and your eyes do shine so! You've tired yourself with walking."

"Not much. Now good-by, Nettie. I'm going up the stoop."

They separate soon afterward. Jimmy never felt more diminutive, more shapeless, more insignificant, in all his deformed life than now, when he ascends this stately stoop and uses his slight strength on the fine bronze bell-handle, that makes a clear, twanging peal resound from within-doors as he pulls it.

He waits, drawing one side within the shadow of the lofty vestibule beyond. Once he glances across the street. Nettie is walking away, with her face turned toward the spot where he stands. Ah, poor, good, faithful Nettie! He feels almost like waring a kiss to her—but his heart throbs quicker, just then, for there are clear, advancing steps in the hall beyond, and Nettie is quite forgotten while the august, bronze-decked door opens, and a majestic butler meets him face to face.

Jimmy's voice, as he now speaks, has not much loudness, but it is unflatteringly steady. After hearing what he says, the servant does not at all make a surprised answer. He tells Jimmy in very placid and civil tones that his mistress usually receives no callers on Sun-

day afternoons. "For it is a charity-case, is it not?" he questions.

The man's whole manner suggests to Jimmy's quick intelligence that charity-visits are matters of every-day occurrence at this mansion; and such a thought, passing sweet to him, makes him bolder.

"Hardly that," he returns, carefully. "If the lady is in I should be very glad to have her see me, though."

These words, spoken with much musical intonation, well accompany the touching wistfulness that gleams in Jimmy's lifted look; for the rest, his miserably deformed shape and his cleanly, decent garb, produce an effect upon the servant possibly amounting to the conviction that his mistress, who is very rarely not at home to poor people, will rank the present visit as something a little out of the common. He accordingly bids Jimmy remain standing in the hall for a few moments, until his return, and then briskly disappears.

In about three minutes he comes down the great, broadly-curved staircase which Jimmy has watched him ascend. And now Jimmy is told that the lady of the house will see him in a few moments.

At these tidings a quick thrill passes through that poor distorted body of his—a thrill of such exquisite joy that it more resembles exquisite pain. "So near to her!" flashes through his soul—and then he feels a sudden giddiness, and after that the servant's capable feeling hand has hold of him with a grasp of gentle strength.

"What was that, eh, my lad? A dizzy turn? You ain't well, I guess. Here, sit down in this chair."

Jimmy, white as a ghost, and panting a little, nods his thanks while he seats himself in the great, dark, carved chair that he is so sadly small for. The man, standing beside him now, asks him several kindly questions about his health. Jimmy wishes that he would not, though he answers the questions with readiness enough. It would be so much better to sit and wait, now, in perfect silence and with nothing to turn his thoughts from their one dear object, the time when she shall come! All words seem like an irreverence at this moment!

Presently a figure glides down the staircase, and comes toward Jimmy. It is a slim, tall, and very graceful figure, clothed in soft, dark draperies. Jimmy does not see the face till she is quite near, though his shining eyes are eagerly strained toward it. He tries to rise, but he cannot move a muscle. He sees the face quite clearly, a little later. Grayish hair waving away from two darkly-bright eyes—a very sweet half smile on the composed lips—a patrician delicacy and mildness on every feature—and then the whole vision fades away; consciousness ceases with him, and an utter blank follows.

When he awakes he is alone with the lovely lady in a small, richly-furnished room. She is kneeling at his side. Her hand is clasping one of his own; her face looks wanly anxious, and her dark eyes stare at him with an almost hysterical anxiety. He is very weak—too weak even to murmur a word.

"Are you better, now?" she asks in low, soft whisper.

He tries to say "Yes," but his lips only flutter faintly.

He sees the anxious look lessen on her face, soon afterward. Her disengaged hand begins smoothing his forehead. And now he makes a great effort to speak, this time succeeding.

"Do you know me?"

She gives a sharp start, and then seems controlling herself to answer him.

"Know you?"

"Yes."

"I—I have fancied—" and here her voice half chokes in her throat, but she goes on: "You make me think of some one whom—whom I lost years ago. It almost seems—"

"You ought to know me," Jimmy breaks in, his hand tightening about hers. I am your son. Where is the parcel I brought? Open it, and you will find a little baby's dress there, marked with two initials, and a little locket, with a faded picture of yourself. Oh, it is true, true! I am not deceiving you. I've been living with Mrs. Joyce ever since. She died the other day, or I'd have come sooner. I've been very sick, but—"

And he says no more, for the lady's arms are close about him, and her lips rain soft kisses on his white face, and he hears her low sobs, deep and strong, as though wrung straight up from a passionately-thankful heart. And he is very happy!

Nearly all his sensations cease just there, for hours to come—cease with the realization, vaguely delightful, of being very happy. A dim consciousness follows, a little later, of some one lifting him from the lounge where he lies, and at length laying him on a bed somewhere—and it is so pleasant to be at rest again—and *she* is there once more, kissing him and weeping over him—and then he wonders if he is dying—such a dreamy, strange feeling overpowers all his senses. And presently he falls asleep, and sweet visions visit his slumber, in some of which she is kissing poor Nettie and thanking Mr. Delmar for the "book-learning," and saying that they and that Little Boy Blue shall be happy, happy, happy, all the rest of their lives, living with her!

It is broad daylight when he awakes again—the light of a new morning. He tries to move himself on the bed, but he is still too weak for more than a few slight motions.

He let his eyes traverse about the luxurious room where he lies. How new to him all its quiet splendor seems! Is he to dwell in this ease and richness always hereafter? Ah, yes; for has she not owned him as her son, and kissed him a thousand times, and wept great, warm, motherly tears over him?

His eyes are still wandering here and there among the beautiful adornments of the chamber, and an inexpressible joy is slowly strengthening within the utter feebleness of his being, when the sound of a voice, harsh, dictatorial, unfamiliar, breaks in upon his full-rested consciousness.

Some one is speaking near at hand; just behind yonder closed door, as it would certainly seem. Yes, the voice surely comes

from there. What is it saying? Its words are plain enough. He listens, listens.

"I tell you, mother, I for one refuse to acknowledge this miserable walf as a member of the family! Father had proof enough of that child's death, and you ought to believe so. He is some child whom this old woman has chosen to palm off on you before her own death, knowing how absurdly tender-hearted you are!"

And now another voice speaks, plaintively, pleadingly. Jimmy knows this voice well enough!

"O Egbert, you will break my heart if you disown him now! I tell you there can be no doubt! You saw his face while he was sleeping—"

"And I saw no resemblance to any of us—none whatever!" The harsh tones grow harsher now, and seem swelling with bitter indignation as they progress. "You never cared for me one straw, but you show me now your life-long indifference as I've never seen it before. You know what I've been brought up to expect, and you deliberately propose for me to share half my fortune with an impostor, who—"

"Egbert, Egbert! Don't speak so loudly, for Heaven's sake! He will wake up and hear you. I never thought of the money; I—"

But that last word dies on the suffering woman's lips. For, just at this moment, a strange sound as of a body falling against the opposite side of the closed door near which she stands, numbs her with a dreadful fear.

She looks at her angry son, handsome, tall, insolent-eyed, and then, as though incapable of moving, points a tremulous finger toward the adjacent paneling. The other hastens forward and opens the door.

A short, agonized cry leaves her lips as she looks down at the little dwarfed figure prostrate beside the threshold. She is no longer moveless; she has hurried toward her first-born; she has crouched near him, moaning low, sympathetic moans, and pillowing in her lap his half-inanimate head.

Jimmy's lips slightly open once or twice, as though in futile effort to utter some word. His eyes have a dull, filmy look, and are closing fast. The mother knows the inexorable truth as she watches him, and there is almost the sound of a breaking heart in her bitter cry:

"Don't leave me now, just when I have you back again—just when I am sure you've been living all these years without my love!"

A radiant and surpassingly peaceful smile here beams on every feature of Jimmy's ghastly face. Then a few words escape him, but they are words so low-spoken that she has to bend her face close, close against his to hear them.

"Mother—mother—oh, to call you by that name at last, and to feel your love so near me at last, is worth all our separation. Don't let him think he killed me by—by what he said—I had to go—it was God's will—mother—my mother—kiss me—kiss me—and tell Nettie and her father—"

But the unuttered message dies on his dying lips. The smile, lessening from his face like a sunset from a sky, leaves behind it

a pale, reposeful beauty, like the light of a shadowed west. And so, although the smile lessens, it does not wholly fade, but stamps with an unutterable peace the face over which it first broke in such sweet brilliancy.

For who shall say of this poor hunchback that, dying in his mother's arms, with the love toward which he yearned at length a divine possession, with her hot and heavy tears dropping on his face, with her voice assuring him that he is held supremely dear—who shall say of Jimmy that he died one moment too soon?

There is a large throng gathered together this morning in the Reverend Dr. Silver-speech's fashionable church on Fifth Avenue, though, doubtless, very few of the people assembled are brought to the present funeral from other motives than those of pure curiosity.

Natures that only are firm in outbursts of firmness usually carry every thing before them when these manifestations occur. Such a nature is that of the woman who now walks up the long central aisle, clothed in deepest black and leaning on the arm of her handsome son. Before them, held aloft and loaded with flowers, goes the coffin in which her eldest-born takes his final rest. The organ pours out its solemn sounds as poor little Jimmy is carried within this beautiful church, with its splendors of illumined oriels and its costly majesty of pulpit—he, who in life scarcely knew that people ever worshiped God in this imposing way!—he, whose days, passed in poverty and obscurity, had left nearly all of his own surrounding world ignorant if he even existed, now buried with the pomp that would well best a life of worldliness and riches and publicity!

His mother, weak so often, had now been strong. She published in journals his death, his name, and parentage. She declared, too: "In the most distinct manner, I mean to acknowledge myself his mother. When hundreds of curious people, scenting a fine scandal, flock to the church from which he is buried, they shall see me standing by his coffin, his one only mourner."

She was sadly wrong here. She is not his only mourner. For, now that the solemn services are finished, and all those sweet, trustful words have been said and sung, and once more the organ rolls out its cadences that so throb with mellow power, the people pass in a slow-moving circle round the white, flower-framed, waxen face of the quiet sleeper, and, among these, there comes at length a pale, worn-looking girl, with a blind man clinging to her arm, and these pause, not moving on with the others.

The girl is trembling, and great tears glitter on each of her faded cheeks.

"What is it, Nettie? Why do you tremble so?" the blind man whispers. "Is he so very lifelike?"

"Yes, father. And such a happy smile on his lips! Just as I've seen him look off ten at home."

"Home!" the old man repeats, quite softly. "He's found his right home at last, please God!—poor Little Boy Blue!"

The crowd increasing presently, Nettie

finds it hard work to remain longer beside the coffin. And, as the new-comers press forward from behind (curiosity-led, like those who have gone before them), Nettie at length yields to such pressure, and passes on, with a little stifled sob, while her father's hand clings close to her fragile yet guiding arm.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

SOCIETY AT WASHINGTON.

FEW things have altered less with the flight of time than the President's receptions. They were intended to be an informal meeting between the people and the chief magistrate, and although in the days of General Washington they were stately and rather formal, and continued to be so through the days of the elder Adams and the elegant Jefferson, there are traditions of their having lost this character of exclusiveness in the days of Monroe, and of their reaching a very republican simplicity in the reign of General Jackson.

The black man, however, a slave then in the District of Columbia, never ventured in as a guest. Now he is a frequent visitor.

The receptions of Mr. Polk, the first of which I have a personal recollection, were very heterogeneous. Mrs. Polk was an elegant hostess, and she was assisted by Mrs. Knox Walker, a most beautiful creature, who had the effect of making any place look festive; but the people rushed in in an undaunted manner. I once saw from its commencement a reception at the White House during this administration. First came in a group of men, embarrassed, large-handed, gloveless, who did not know what to do with themselves; then a couple of Far-West humble pioneers, who had evidently scraped up enough money to bring them to Washington, and who were in the homespun and homely garments suited to their fortunes. They were on a broad grin, and looked like the stage-Yankees whom we sometimes see in the American drama. Then came formal, uninteresting people, without any salient peculiarity; then a man in a green-baize jacket—one of those republicans who love to show their independence by being a little below the standard of decency; then a group of glittering diplomatists, with their orders in their button-holes; then a party of the gay society of the District—beautifully-dressed women (according to the standard of that day, which was far plainer than ours); and then four or five smoky-smelling Indians, in their wampum and war-paint. One, I remember, having lost his nose-ring (he was a very "big chief," indeed), had put a pink artificial rose-bud in his nose, the flower on one side and the wire stem protruding on the other; the aboriginal dandy was evidently much pleased with this adornment. He was rather troublesome, for he insisted on taking hold of the ear-rings of the ladies, and I think Mrs. Knox Walker trembled for her diamond solitaires.

These savage guests were often at the White House, and always comported themselves with dignity, I believe; but once one of them got frightened at something, or per-

haps had partaken too freely of fire-water before he came, and, starting from the end of the East Room, he ran frantically across it and jumped through a window, scattering glass and sash on every side. After this they were more cautiously admitted.

I saw and talked with Mr. Polk the evening of his last reception. I never met a man so tired of public office, so unaffectedly glad to be rid of it. Like all retiring Presidents, his last year had been painfully full of attacks on his personal self—that meanest of all the forms of political conduct, to assault a man, whether he is guilty or not, because you want his place.

In looking back on Mr. Polk's administration, it proves to have been a very fortunate one for the country. We made the golden acquisition of California; and if, indeed, the conquest of Mexico led to the subsequent troubles of the "Compromise" and the war, it is not to be doubted that we have gained more than we have lost.

As for Mr. and Mrs. Polk themselves, they were excellent and kindly people, very much beloved in the District. Mrs. Polk was a very religious woman, somewhat strict in her manners, but she made the White House very agreeable, and very respectable.

The day of General Taylor's inauguration—the 5th of March, 1849—was a cold, blustering, windy, dusty day, as March days are apt to be. The pageant was stately and handsome, and the old hero of Mexico was loudly cheered as he drove up Pennsylvania Avenue in a barouche with four cream-colored horses.

The daughters, wives, and female relatives of senators and representatives, were put into the Rotunda first, afterward in a little room which opened out of the Supreme-Court Room, from which we were allowed early egress to the top of the north-wing of the Capitol, which commanded the scene of the inauguration. General Taylor and Chief-Justice Taney came out first, followed by the Supreme Court, and then by the diplomatic corps in full uniform, then by the two Houses of Congress, and a large deputation of the army and navy. At our feet were the multitude, only to be counted by thousands. The scene was very impressive, so far as the giving and taking the oath were concerned; but of the inaugural we heard not a word, and the March wind swept through our bones. We were all glad when it was over, and we were allowed to take our own way home up Pennsylvania Avenue.

The inauguration ball came off in an improvised shed, lighted by spermaceti candles, which rained down white showers on every one's hair and coats and dresses.

General Taylor showed that evening a most wonderful talent at remembering people. He was introduced to two thousand men, women, and children, and was not known to forget their names afterward.

A lady, late in the evening, who had barely been presented to him, going up to shake hands with him to bid "Good-night," to her he said, "Good-by, Mrs. Southgate; I believe I had the honor of giving an escort to a lady of your name in Mexico."

It proved to be a family connection, and

the recollection was, of course, very agreeable to Mrs. Southgate, or whatever her name was.

He showed this talent noticeably through-out his administration; it is one that is a great advantage for presidents, emperors, and kings to possess. Mr. Fillmore, his successor, was very deficient in this talent, and rarely remembered any lady's name correctly.

General Taylor's household was presided over by his daughter, Mrs. Bliss, one of the loveliest of women. She was preëminently qualified for the position by a certain quietude of manner, which foreigners say that American women are deficient in. She was beautiful, and had perfect taste in dress; but that was not her greatest charm. She had that *je ne sais quoi*, that knowledge of how to be just cordial enough, and not too cordial, which is the perfect manner for a woman in such a trying public position. Never has the White House had a gentler, sweeter mistress; and the nation added to its regret over the early death of General Taylor that for the loss of this fair spirit, who was his minister.

Under such a popular leader, the fashion of the White House insensibly improved. Mrs. Bliss, in addition to her large and incessant public entertainments, gave little tea-parties, quiet and informal gatherings that were delightful. The state-dinners, the weekly morning receptions, the occasional receptions, and the thousand-and-one other duties of the lady of the White House, must make the position a trying one.

Among the entertainers of this period at Washington was Madame Calderon de la Barca, wife of the Spanish minister. She had been a Miss Inglis, sister to Mrs. McCloud, whose school was so favorably known thirty years ago, but the reputation of which was so much injured by the elopement thence of a Pittsburg heiress, Miss Croghan, with Captain Shinley, the friend of Byron. That marriage turned out very happily, I believe; and Captain Shinley and his wife have been met cruising about in their yacht in English waters within a few years, accompanied by many children. But it ruined Mrs. McCloud. Indignant fathers and mothers rushed on for their daughters (whom nobody wanted to run away with). From those doors, which had been so imperfectly guarded, flew birds that would probably have been left quietly to stay there, and who thereby lost a very good education.

For the McCloud ladies were singularly accomplished. It was one of the charms of Madame Calderon's receptions—the beautiful piano-playing of her nieces. So devoted were they to their piano-practice that, desirous of enjoying Leopold de Meyer's instruction, and finding all his hours engaged, they agreed to take a lesson at midnight, and, as he liked to sit up late, Madame Calderon used to describe herself as presiding from twelve to two over the piano-lessons.

Madame Calderon had a suite of long, low rooms, opening out of one another; at her receptions some were brilliantly lighted, some had but a shaded lamp. All tastes were gratified. The beaux and belles could stand in a high light, the flirtations could flourish in a sombre one. In fact, one of these rooms

was named "Cupid's Platform"—so many happy pairs came to an understanding there.

Madame Calderon, a most accomplished woman, speaking many languages, was a model hostess. She knew how to create a *salon*. When she left America for Spain many years ago, she was made governess to the queen's children, and probably the young King Alfonso owes much to her wise and judicious training.

Mr. Buchanan (with his head on one side) was one of the noticeable features of the receptions in those days. The neat, prim, finished old bachelor, with his immaculate white necktie, was on his way to the presidency himself. The venerable figure of John Quincy Adams often appeared at the receptions. He would look in for half an hour, then disappear; wherever he was he held a court. Men would go up to be presented to the ex-President—perhaps with rather more respect and reverence than to the real President.

Mrs. Madison was another impressive, elderly figure. She always wore a turban of some transparent white stuff, with a jewel in front, a black satin or velvet gown. She was pretty in old age, having preserved her blooming complexion. Mrs. Madison received always on Thursdays at her own house, and was very affable. She liked to display her beautiful handwriting, and was glad to write a few verses of poetry in a young lady's album, signed "Dorothea Madison." Mrs. Madison looked always as if she had stepped from a portrait-frame, and was a proof of the oft-repeated fact that women, as they advance in life, should keep to some pronounced fashion of their youth if they wish to be picturesque.

It was not considered etiquette in those days for the President to accept invitations. That is done away with now, and the President goes wherever he wishes, like any private person; perhaps this is sound republicanism, but it is not half so stately. There is "a divinity which doth hedge a king," and there should be a *little* about a President. The great officer who stands at the head of forty million people cannot but be a very important person. Some people are anxious to see a little more 'etiquette and state at Washington, but perhaps it is incompatible with our form of government.

The House of Representatives in 1850 was a very different place from what it is now. In the first place, they met in the old Representative Chamber, devoted at the present moment to dreadful marbles, which was a superb room, one of the most elegant legislative halls in the world.

Those pillars of mosaic marble; the grand and perfect architectural proportions; the beautiful symbolic clock—History, in her chariot, with Time for one of its wheels (making even Time subservient to her—I do not know a prettier allegory); the grand, impressive dais of the Speaker, the arrangement so compact and within the grasp of the presiding officer—all was admirable. There sat Mr. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, whom all, Democrats and Whigs, declared to be a model of justice and impartiality, discharging his duties with wonderful ability; while before him sat John Quincy Adams, George

P. Marsh, George Ashmun, Abraham Lincoln, Alexander H. Stephens (the most delicate invalid then, and the most unlikely to live, yet he has seen almost all of them under the sod), Holmes, of Carolina, Butler King, Rhett, Toombs, Dixon, of Connecticut, Wilson, of New Hampshire, and many other distinguished names.

The House was considered then as a more turbulent body than the Senate, but it was far more silent and orderly than it is now. When a man like George Ashmun rose to speak, everybody listened. When Mr. Adams rose, the House turned as one man to hear reverently what he had to say. Mr. Ashmun was a natural-born leader, a man of singularly handsome appearance, whose dark eyes, hair, and olive complexion, might have indicated a native of Southern France or Spain; he had that concentrated nervous power, that ready nerve which should accompany the parliamentary debater. It was a thousand pities that he should ever have been removed from that sphere which he filled with such ability. Yet the tide which bore away Mr. Webster and his policy swept Mr. Ashmun with it. He had great talent, both as a lawyer and a politician, yet he never enjoyed the proper reward of either.

Looking at his portrait, a lady said to him, "It is not in a good light."

"Madam," said he, "the original never has been."

Yet few men had more devoted friends; he was most brilliant at the dinner-table, and a great gastronome.

The devotion of Charles March to Mr. Ashmun was only second to his devotion to Mr. Webster. He always called him "Springfield," and declared that he ought to have been a duke. There was something suggestive of aristocracy in Mr. Ashmun's appearance and manner.

Mr. March, in his gay letters, could never approach the subject of "Springfield" without going into ecstasies. The old Tremont House, then, like the Astor House, rather a rallying-point for the Whig party, was the spot where they often met. Here is a paragraph of a jubilant character from one of his letters:

"TREMONT HOUSE, April 2, 1850.

"Here I am, in the place, of all others, where I probably enjoy most popularity; whether arising from the amenity of my manners, from the force of my character, the generosity of my disposition, or from the want of all these characteristics, I don't know.

"As soon as I was seen approaching the office of the house, John Olmstead threw himself into convulsions of joy, and Mr. Parker (financial agent of the establishment, who gives me credit) burst into cackinatory movements. I was oppressed by their manifestations of satisfaction. To recover, I leaned against a post of the office, and indulged, like Marius hanging over the ruins of Carthage, in reflection.

"Soon I heard a cry, but whether of 'Fire!' or 'Murder!' I was not certain, and, if the truth must be told, was indifferent. It proceeded from multitudinous mouths, and seemed to gain distinctness as it grew in

strength. I thought in a very short time that it sounded more like 'March!' than any thing else, and that it was more disposed to proceed from the dining-room than from any more abrupt place. John came and insisted that I should go in. As I did, you would have said that Wellington was calling to his regiments at Waterloo, 'March! march! march!' 'Speech! speech!' was the only articulate sound that met my ears, barring the ringing of glasses, the shouting of men, and collision of hands. Well, I undertook a speech, every word of which was lost in the uproar, which is a pity, for I said some good things. Before I had made an end of speaking, John appeared again, saying, 'Colonel, some one wants to speak to you.'

"Does he look like a creditor?" whispered I.

"No, sir; he looks like a *respectable person*," said John.

"Then, John, open the door."

"I made one step into the entry, and fell into the arms of *Springfield*!"

"The Grecian painter was obliged to throw a veil over the countenance of Agamemnon, and how can I attempt to depict our emotions?"

"He had just arrived—had I waited fifteen minutes longer in Worcester, I should have accompanied him to Boston."

And so on. "Springfield" was always announced by a like flourish of trumpets, and they were very much inspired by each other's company. No doubt their saturnalias disturbed the usefulness of both. They certainly lost to the world, in Mr. March, a writer not inferior to Horace Walpole, an epigrammatist who might have held his own with the best in the world.

Mr. Ashmun belonged to that class of "Webster Whigs" who believed with Mr. Webster, and followed him into political exile. Mr. Webster did not live long, it is true; Mr. Ashmun lived through the war, a most patriotic and useful citizen, spending much time at Washington, and died a few years ago at Springfield after a lingering illness—a great, tender-hearted, and attractive man, leaving many a heart-ache behind him, not only for his personal worth and fascination, but that, like so many great men, he had not been appreciated and rewarded according to his deserts.

Of this gay and witty set, Judge Warren, of Boston, often formed a part. It was he who made the fine remark to a lady, as she regretted the giving up of the old House of Representatives and the old Senate-Chamber, for the more extensive and splendid but less symmetrical halls in which the business of the Union is now carried on—"Ah! is it not just possible that the Union has outgrown its symmetry, and that these rooms are merely types?"

Mr. George P. Marsh, fortunately still left to us, and for many years our minister to Italy, brought the treasures of his learning to this remarkable society. It was possible to have a talk with all these men at one of General Taylor's presidential receptions, and with many more, brilliant, witty, and distinguished. Then, wandering around the House

of Representatives, or sitting modestly in his inconspicuous seat, was a very tall, dark-eyed man, not noticed, except for his immense height. One day, however, the dark-eyed man got on his feet and made a beautiful speech. Ashmun and other leaders listened in surprise, as a clear, wonderful voice rang out in tones of music, and uttered clean-cut, eloquent sentences, full of meaning.

"What a natural talent for speaking these Western men have!" said one to another.

And so the nation first heard from Abraham Lincoln.

Oh, that the "angel of the future" had but whispered to us to look more closely at that man!

If only for his wonderful mission, for the great part that he had to play in our history, one would like now to have studied him a whole day. Some of those idle days spent in the congressional galleries, chatting with friends, would have thereby become a priceless golden hour in one's record.

But the great merit of Mr. Lincoln was his unconsciousness. He did not know how great he was. Neither did Shakespeare. Great men are but reeds, which are cut for the instrument on which Providence plays its great symphonies. All that Nature asks of them is that they will allow her—"native wood-notes wild"—to play through them, undisguised and undisturbed.

That Mr. Lincoln did—he had no false note of his own; all was patriotism, a desire to follow the will of the people. That shot which carried him off wounded everybody, North and South. They both lost their best and wisest friend.

And I shall close my reminiscences of presidential receptions by referring to one of his.

It was more properly a ball, given in the winter of 1861, when General McClellan—then the idol of the whole country—called the young Napoleon, and worshiped, looked up to, believed in, and hoped for—was in command at Washington of the Army of the North—the Army of the Potomac. On his brilliant staff were the two young French princes, Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres. "Wishing my nephews to add to their education that finishing touch without which the training of a French gentleman is incomplete—the power of drawing their sword in a good cause," said the Prince de Joinville, with noble eloquence, "I have put them on the staff of General McClellan."

There were five thousand people invited to this grand ball, and yet many were disappointed. All the upper grades of the army and navy were invited—the diplomatic corps, the two Houses of Congress, and of course the cabinet and Supreme Court. Among the guests of unofficial distinction was N. P. Willis, still bearing that "Hyacinthine front" of curling hair which lasted him to the end, although then a man of more than fifty years. The two princes were of course most conspicuous and honored. The Count de Paris was tall, slender, and very handsome, with manners of great sweetness and cordiality. The Duke de Chartres was taller, thinner, less handsome than his brother, but with the

same beautiful manners. Both spoke English perfectly, and enjoyed the ball like young men. There were many of those brilliant and distinguished men who afterward fell on the various fields of the next three dreadful years. There were those who were destined to do their duty, and yet to be mistaken and defrauded of their just inheritance of glory. It is the fortune of war, perhaps, but so much worse than death!

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln did the honors of this occasion with great dignity. He was very tall and she very short, and they made a striking tableau as they stood at the door of the East Room. There they stood—patiently for many hours, as the nation defied before them.

At the supper-hour some unlucky steward had locked the door, and had lost the key, so that there was a hungry crowd pressing onward against an unyielding obstacle. Then the irrepressible humor of the American people broke forth—that grim humor which carried them through much of the subsequent misery. "I am in favor of a forward movement," one would shout. "An advance to the front is only retarded by the imbecility of commanders," said another, quoting a speech just made in Congress. To all this General McClellan, himself modestly struggling with the crowd, laughed as heartily as anybody. Finally the key was found, the door was opened, and the crowd was fed.

It was like the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond the night before Waterloo. People parted there never to meet again. Many a poor fellow took his leave that night of festivity forever. The partings were tender and sad, and, as the ball broke up, the band played "The girl I left behind me."

How in Mr. Lincoln's great soul must have lingered the accents of those men who had predicted all that followed!

He had seen General Taylor come home from Mexico, the people's idol, loaded with conquest; he had seen him elevated to that highest dignity by his military renown.

He had then lived through the years of quiet and comparative forgetfulness, which seemed to say that the "irrepressible conflict" could be put off. Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, and James Buchanan, had filled the presidential chair; all of them men of most finished manners and knowledge of society. Did it ever strike him, with his sense of humor, that Fate had selected him, with his grotesque figure and face, with his disdain of form, and his utter disregard of etiquette, to fill the presidential chair after these men, as a sort of satire upon finished manners? And yet, Nature had put a pair of wonderful eyes in that plain face, and she had given Mr. Lincoln a manner far above criticism. The grasp of that great hand was a compliment in itself, and the great heart behind it prompted a cordiality which well took the place of courtly manners.

A great, original, and distinct form, in features, mind, and manners, takes its place in the gallery of presidential portraits. Never again, perhaps, shall we see any thing so peculiar. Nor will the world see (it is to be hoped) a man so deeply tried as he was.

The presidential receptions are open to

everybody. No regulations as to dress have ever been issued. The police of the District are the ushers; formerly, a soldier or two stood about; the Marine Band discourses eloquent music. The White House is now in very beautiful order, and the public goes on as it has always done, cutting out pieces of the curtains to carry off as relics. The same mingled stream of people pass before President and Mrs. Grant, hand-shaking as they go, as that which passed before the Presidents of the past. And, to the honor of that noble army of martyrs be it spoken, I have never heard of a President or his family who did not meet this inevitable duty well, who did not bear with what must become the most dreadful of bores with an unflinching fortitude and a grand self-possession.

M. E. W. S.

LIFE IN RUSSIA.

FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY; HABITS, CHARACTERISTICS, AND TRADITIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

SECOND PAPER.

THE student of social philosophy always finds in the condition of the women an unerring test of the kind and quality of civilization. If the woman of the people in Russia appears hard-worked and oppressed, the aristocratic lady is too emancipated. She evidently attaches more importance to passing enjoyments, to receptions, visits, balls, etc., than to the duties which ought to constitute the glory and happiness of womanhood. Brought up solely to shine in society, Russian ladies are distinguished by remarkably smooth and amiable manners. Their society is, therefore, much sought after and courted. They are generally most kind-hearted, hospitable, and active in the promotion of charitable deeds and institutions.

The Russian lady frequently discovers intellectual faculties and a certain amount of sound sense, which put the same qualities, perceptible in the conversation and manners of their lords, decidedly into the shade, as the latter are rarely moving in that respect on the same level with their spouses.

Since Peter the Great, the Russian woman's lot has undergone a great change for the better, and she has been raised to a far more dignified position than she had held anterior to that monarch's reign.

It is worthy of notice, too, that in no European country has there been so keen an agitation of what is known as the "womans'-rights" movement, such avidity on the part of the females of the wealthy class to establish colleges and seminaries for the education of the sex. This dominant feeling has taken excessive forms in many instances, and some of its more fanatical outcroppings on the part of ladies of rank and wealth have actually brought down on them the strong hand of the law, as assailants of the conservative notions of morality and social order. The sentiment, however, may be looked on as a hopeful element in the problem of the Russian future. Such a ferment indicates a deep-rooted desire for growth and

progress, however extravagant some of its phases may be.

The national amusements of the people are simple, joyous, and peaceable, in harmony with their character. The towns all have their promenades, theatres, music-halls, balls, and religious festivals. Some of the latter are of very ancient date, as, for instance, that of the Semik (*sem*, seven), celebrated the seventh Thursday after Easter, once held in honor of the goddess Tara. On that day the young marriageable girls of ancient times used to go into the dense forests consecrated to the goddess, singing songs and performing dances, holding in their hands green boughs ornamented with ribbons. The dance over, the boughs were flung into the water, and, if they sank, it was considered a sign that the girls would not be married within the year. A similar custom is observed on Pentecost Monday to this day. A very gay season is the Sviatki, lasting from Christmas to Twelfth Night. During these days the streets resound with joy, and people meet in the houses to dance and masquerade. The masks go from house to house, often most singularly representing scenes derived from historical reminiscences, an entertainment quite grateful to Russian taste.

Mr. Wahl gives a description of a dance called the "tchijik," during the performance of which a strictly impassive countenance is preserved. The gentlemen, dressed in long caftans, their heads covered, and the hands in the pockets, dance in a circle before the ladies, who follow them, all the time singing. On certain accords of the music being struck, the gentlemen at once turn round, take off their caps, make a little bow, and kiss their partners with a tranquillity of soul and countenance almost incredible. The towns only, of course, know of French dances.

As already said, nothing approaching riotous conduct is ever witnessed on festival occasions, but also no true gayety. On great holidays all the world and his wife will turn out to walk up and down the boulevards or promenades, where people pass and repass each other with almost silent indifference. A foreign visitor, struck by this want of animation, once put the following characteristic question to a person near him: "For what great personage's funeral are all these people assembled?"

On the whole, it is impossible not to discern in the Russian character a certain want of moral strength and fibre. Mr. Wahl tells us that "they detest bodily exercise, and sleep more than any other nation, and have a repugnance to serious business and the tedious performance of a difficult duty. The Russian is alternately indifferent and zealous, indulgent and pretentious, vacillating and resolute. He is intelligent and quick of comprehension, but interested only by fits and starts. He likes change and variety, and blindly submits to every caprice of fashion." These are hardly the qualities out of which greatness is made, but it is not difficult to see how these people may have been the fruit of circumstances, and may yet, under different auspices, undergo radical modification. There are frequent evidences of practical vigor and energy in the Russian working-man, quite ad-

mirable in their way. Association prevails largely in the various industries of the rural districts, and is found to work successfully. Each enterprise is carried on by "Artels," or associations of workmen, who work independently in gangs or under a contractor. They fix the wage as well as the time of labor in advance, and choose from among their number a delegate, who is charged with the economical affairs of the Artel. These Artels are such excellent institutions, and the honesty of the delegates so exemplary, that bankers constantly employ them as bill-collectors, so that they have the handling of vast sums of money—a trust never betrayed.

The characteristics of the Siberian Russian are represented as differing widely from those of his European brother. The civilized class is composed almost exclusively of civil and military officers, with but little of the *bourgeois* element, even in the towns. Life consists of a perfect round of pleasure, enhanced by the exhilarating influence of the beautiful South-Siberian climate and the splendor of a gigantic Nature. Heart and mind seem to expand above the narrow-minded prose of European life. The name Siberia, so forbidding to strange ears, is said to produce an electric effect on whomever has lived in that country, on account of pleasant reminiscences. All classes possess the good qualities of the Russian, with but few of the faults. The good society of Irkutsk can be nowhere surpassed for its brilliancy and refinement. The interior of the houses is more comfortable, Parisian fashions more fully represented, and the champagne sparkles in more brilliant quality and greater profusion, than in many a fashionable *salon* of Western Europe. A ball in Siberia brings together people from a distance of eighty or a hundred miles, across rivers, hills, and precipices, which would terrify the child of a more luxurious civilization. Mr. Wahl sums up the Siberian character in the following terse and forcible paragraphs:

"The Siberian Russians are of middle size, but strongly built. In the northern parts the Russian type is the predominant; the people are fair, and have blue eyes. In the south the admixture of Asiatic blood may be traced in the black hair, the small and dark eyes, and the projecting cheekbones. The voice of the Siberian Russian is stronger and deeper than that of his European countryman. His character is more animated and passionate, and his gestures are more lively and energetic. He is a bold backwoodsman, and habitually carries arms; even while ploughing his field he wears his gun slung on his back. The women are not handsome, but strongly constituted and industrious. The wife not only directs the household, but she also tends the fields, sows, reaps, prepares the flax, and makes the clothes, while the husband is away to earn money by carting merchandise. They live according to ancient customs, and display (especially as regards furs) an incredible luxury.

"Although the greatest part of the population has sprung from criminals, their habits are pure and simple, and their general probity is such as to render locks for the doors a matter of superfluity. The long speeches

and profusion of words of which the European Russian is so prodigal are unknown to the Siberian, whose promises are all based on his word, which to him is sacred."

What is known as Little Russia was the cradle of the Cossack system, and was for several centuries the most important religious, political, and intellectual centre of the country. The character and type of the Malarossians, as they are called, differ widely from those of the East Russians. Among the latter there is a certain dead-level of intellect, like the surface of the great steppe, but with the Malarossians the reverse is the case, for one meets with extraordinary endowments side by side with the dumbest imbeciles. This strange variety of strength and weakness, wealth and poverty of mind, makes the race picturesque. No other Slavonic tribe knows so well how to lay hold on the ludicrous points in the character of their neighbors, and ridicule them with a cutting poignancy. Our author was greatly amused by their sparkling witticisms and gibes, and the common gift of caustic humor so greatly enhanced by the laconic vigor of expression.

Less scrupulous than the Russian in the formal observance of church-rites, the Malarossian has never shown any tendency toward sectarianism, and not one dissenter is found among them. The poetical, dreamy nature of the Little Russian believes still in elementary spirits and all sorts of demons. He has inherited this superstition from his pagan ancestors. He thoroughly believes in the power of an evil spirit, who tries to possess man from the very day of his birth. The peasant's anxiety for the earliest baptism of his newborn child is based on the fear of its being turned (if a girl) into a water-witch, or *russalka* (from *russlo*, brook), and (if a boy) into a faun, forest-sprite, or *leshy* (from *less*, wood, forest). The *leshy* and *russalkas* are not distinguishable from other men or women, and the sign of the holy cross exercising no effect on them, they thereby differ from other evil genii.

The *russalkas* live in the water, but they often rise in legions from the waves for the purpose of dancing in the moonlight on the prairies. They are so exquisitely beautiful and enticing that whosoever looks on their charms must pine to death. Golden hair, from which clear drops of water like brilliants sparkle, falls in luxuriant curls on their snowy bosoms and shining shoulders. Eyes blue, like the southern sky, and overarched by velvety brows, a graceful, slender waist, and enchanting forms, complete the picture so attractive to a poetical imagination. But these lovely beings possess neither hearts nor souls. He who, captivated by the bewitching call of a *russalka*, would follow and clasp her in a passionate embrace, would soon be goaded to frenzy by a certain sound and ripple on the water by the rank aquatic plant pressed to his bosom proving to him that he had been tricked by one of these mocking nixes.

The dialect spoken by this race is more faithful to the old Slavonic stock than the Russian proper, though the latter is the cultivated language. The Russians are pleased to call the Malarossian tongue rough and bar-

barous, but Mr. Wahl pronounces it incontestably the only Slavonic-Russian language by which the true epic and lyric poetry of the Russian people has been transmitted to the present generations. It has preserved all the force and virgin quaintness of the mother-tongue, such as one meets with in the ancient Slavonic. While still possessing many of the forms long since disappeared from the modern Russ, it is also more sonorous and harmonious to the ear. The tunes of the Little-Russian chants and songs are original and very poetical. With the exception of the songs which usually accompany all Russian dances (but of which there are not many), they all tend to reflect the mournful regret of a beatific past, never to return. Of all Russian tribes the Little Russians furnish the best singers. The Imperial Chapel ever recruits from their country.

The Cossack tribes, who form a living barrier from five to six thousand miles in length along the entire Asiatic frontier of Russia, from the Sea of Okhotsk, in Eastern Siberia, to the Don and Caucasus, constitute one of the most interesting classes of the empire. They form a distinct fraction of the nationality. The Cossack system was a new form of the organization of the commune as it existed at the time of the division of the empire of Russia into several principalities before and during the domination of the Mongols. While the Cossacks of the Dnieper owed their origin to the oppressive Tartar yoke, those of the Don were born of the strife between the old and new régimes of the commune against the yoke of the privileged classes. In constant warfare with hostile tribes and factions, the sole cause and means of their existence was war, and they were glad to get recruits from any nationality, provided they were strong of frame and valiant in fight.

Their importance was ever proportionate to the degree of danger they encountered. When the latter gave way to advancing civilization, they were gradually restricted in and deprived of their privileges. Unjust as this measure may seem, it must not be forgotten that with the disappearance of legitimate foes their warlike disposition was apt to find vent against their own countrymen. In search of warlike adventure they were not at all scrupulous about the colors they served, and often fought in the service of some of their former and most inveterate enemies. The purpose of their existence being war, they sought to live up to it at any price, and, in the absence of foreign enemies, they became a dangerous body, and kept all their neighbors in a constant state of fear on account of their perfidy, brigandage, and predatory habits.

The double-edged tendency of the Cossack nature was very well illustrated in the action of the cunning and ambitious Mazepa, who has been immortalized by Byron. In secret league with the Swedes, he played a most ambiguous part with the Czar Peter, till he was finally unmasked after the battle of Poltava, and banished together with his rebellious followers. Catharine II. took from the Cossack tribes the right to elect their own hetman, and to-day the Ataman-Het-

man, or governor-general, is *ipso jure* the hereditary prince of Russia.

The Cossacks vary in language and type with the country they inhabit. Those of the Caucasus, for instance, have completely adopted the habits, arms, and dress of their ancient foes, the Tcherkess. Inter-marriages and similarity of customs have nearly identified them with the latter, so that only experienced eyes are able to make distinction between them. Agriculturists as well as warriors, they possess fine cattle and horses in great numbers. The government supplying them only with ammunition and the artillery material, they must find provender for themselves and horses wherever they can, which they manage to do by plunder. A cruel system! They are particularly useful as patrols, vanguards, and for the purpose of veiling the movements of an army. The regular service of the army is opposed to their nature and training. Excellent coast and border guards, foragers, and convoyers, they develop in this kind of service an incredible sagacity, address, and intrepidity.

The inseparable companion of the Cossack, his horse, is eminently gifted with all the indispensable qualities of a rough service. Small, but strong, and thriving on the most wretched food, the Cossack steed, which is shod only on the forefeet, will face any obstacle, and, without baiting or repose whatever, perform immense courses by night or day. The Donaki horse has longer legs and is of a lighter build than the other Cossack horses. Its neck is longer and of greater flexibility. Like all steppe horses, that of the Kubanski Cossack is wary and timid, owing to the nightly aggressions of the wolves to which their *taboos* are constantly exposed. A certain apprehensive feeling prevents this horse from abandoning itself unconditionally to the enjoyment of sleep, and keeps it in a state of constant watchfulness, rendering its senses exceedingly acute, a quality of vital importance to its master.

Allied to the Cossacks in character and habits, and forming a species of line between these warriors of the steppe and the proper Caucasian clans, are the Ossets or Ossetians. Of splendid and hardy physique, they wear a costume like that of the Tcherkess, similarly picturesque and practical. The language is purely Iranian, though long contact with other tribes has caused the loss of the richness of the ancient Indo-European root. They call themselves Iranians, and are equally divided between Christianity and Islamism, though the former is diversified with many pagan and Mohammedan reminiscences. Though still daring warriors and hunters, equal to their fierce mountain kinsmen, they have mostly turned their swords into ploughshares, and embraced such habits of industry and thrift as to rival the best husbandmen of the empire. They were the first to employ the scientific appliances of Western Europe. Mr. Wahl gives an animated and striking sketch of the hospitality he enjoyed at the hands of one of their principal chiefs, General Koudookhor. A brilliant escort of mounted warriors was sent to escort the guest to the residence of the Ossetian magnate:

"Our cavalry guard, numbering one hundred or more men, entertained us, *chemin faisant*, by dexterous feats of horsemanship. One man would ride ahead at full speed, and, at about three hundred yards' distance, drop a piece of paper on to the ground. The others then followed one by one in full career, and, without pulling up, would discharge their guns at the paper, load again with incredible rapidity, and, without abating speed, return again to the sport. They also tried to pick up a fur cap which one had thrown down, in which feat several of them succeeded with the greatest ease. The ride was pleasantly interrupted by the arrival at a large village belonging to the Ossetian chief, Colonel Mohammed Dudarov. We rode into a spacious square court, at the one side of which stood his neat dwelling-house, and a little apart from it the hall of the guests, or *kornataki*. It consists of a large hall, furnished by a huge fireplace, and ottomans arranged Turkish fashion around the walls, which latter again were hung with the arms and Tcherkessian mail helmets and armor of former times.

"At the threshold of the *kornataki* we were received by Colonel Dudarov, who offered us the welcome cup of native porter of excellent quality, with which we had to wash down a long ceremonious speech in the Ossetian language. After having led us through the *kornataki*, we repaired to his own dwelling-house, at the door of which we had to pass through a similar ceremony, at which, however, Madame La Veuve Cliquot assisted instead of John Barleycorn. The interior of the house presented a mixture of Russian and Oriental comfort. The conversation, interlarded by the pops of the champagne-bottles, became very animated, but as the advancing afternoon soon put a stop to the banquet and drove us into the saddle, the temporary damage done to the understanding of the party only served to heighten the excitement of the sport. When the sun had set some time we arrived at last at our friend's house. He stood on the platform before his house, in the midst of his brothers and cousins, waiting to receive us. He wore a Tcherkess dress, of a beautifully delicate lavender color, and, after a hearty embrace and Ossetian speeches of welcome, which were separately confirmed by his brothers, he led us into his most comfortable mansion, and to his well-furnished dinner-table. The dinner was served on silver, and all the tankards and other drinking-vessels were of the same metal and of most artistic form. The quality of the victuals was exquisite. Besides the most delicious mountain mutton and beef, there was an astonishing variety of game. After dinner we repaired to the library, where we lit cigars and talked till midnight. A clapping of his hands was most promptly obeyed by half a dozen great bearded mountaineers, who, pushing us on to the ottomans, despoiled us of our dress with a dexterity which seemed to betray considerable experience in the operation. During the night we were guarded by half a dozen tall and serious warriors, who stood at the open door upright and unmoving like statues."

A NIGHT WITH THE VOUDOUS.

YOU have asked me (writes my friend Professor D—, of New Orleans) for some account of a Voudou celebration. What they have become in these latter days I do not know, but I can give you a *bona-fide* account of the rites of Voudouism fifty years ago in Louisiana.

My acquaintance with them "*de visu*" occurred in this wise: We had a servant from an island of the West Indies—a mulattress, and very intelligent. Phœbe was a mystic—a soul of Huldah the Prophetess. Phœbe, too, entertained a queenly contempt for the quiet house-born and house-taught "niggers," and lost no opportunity of impressing them with awe and astonishment at her superiority. Our house, like many others in New Orleans at that time, had a long hall or entry running through it, and which furnished the principal mode of ingress or egress for its inmates. The door of this hall was rigidly locked at the nine-o'clock gun, and the key put in my hand, as I was the first one of the family up to open the corridor-gate, that the house-servant might get water from the early water-carrier, and the cook go to market for her daily supply of provisions.

One evening old Phœbe came wheedling around me, and said:

"Little master, you keep the key of the corridor. Please let me out to-night after nine o'clock. You sit up till ten at your lessons, and you can let me out, and no one will know."

"Why don't you ask father for a pass?" I answered.

"Well, I couldn't tell him where I want to go, because I must stay out late, so I thought that if you would open the gate for me, and go with me, you would be the good pass, and we could come back before daylight."

"But where do you want to go, Phœbe?"

"Well, little master, I can't tell you; but you come with me, and you will see. Look as much as you choose where we are going, but speak, 'No!'"

I was fifteen years old, and not a model boy by any means. The savor of forbidden fruit was delicious to my palate, and when old Phœbe addressed herself to my love of mystery and spirit of daring she had me soul and body. So at ten o'clock, the family all retired, I put up my books and hurried to the door, where I found Phœbe waiting, dressed in white, and we sallied forth into the lovely June night.

It was the Eve of St. John. Two blocks from the house we met the gendarmes, who halted us; but I had my answer ready. I was going to my grandmother's, and my servant was accompanying me. We passed all the large streets, and, when we reached the last from the river, Phœbe took the lead and I followed in the darkness through all kinds of alleys and undefined ways. At last, at the extreme limits of the city, we reached an empty square, inclosed in a cypress picket-fence fully ten feet high. I recognized the spot. It was an abandoned brick-yard, in which we boys had been in the habit of catching crawfish in the brick-pits.

The house of the owner of the brick-yard, much dilapidated, was still standing, and there were six or seven cabins around it. When we reached the middle of the fence, I found that the large gate through which the brick-carts had once passed had been boarded up, but next to it was a small gate, behind which, on entrance, I discovered a hut. On a peculiar knock of Phœbe's, the small gate opened and a very old negro confronted her.

She whispered a few words to him, and he spread back the door.

When he saw me, however, held by the hand by Phœbe, he pushed the door forward, saying:

"Qui ci ça?" (Who is that?).

"Qui ça fé toi?" answered Phœbe, in the negro-French *patois*. "To ici pou gardé la porte" (What is that to thee? Thou art here to watch the gate alone).

The man stood irresolute.

"I tell thee I have no account to render to thee, thou knowest well!"—Phœbe was getting furious.—"Let me pass on with my little master!"

He drew back, and we stumbled on to a spot from which I could discern a very dim light struggling its feeble way through a double row of oleanders and altheas. We reached a cottage, and, by the same mysterious knock, the door was opened, and we were received by an aged negress, whose face was familiar to me as that of the "calawoman," from whom I had often bought that dainty. She was known by the name of Sanite Dédé. Her first salutation to Phœbe was—

"To oini ben tard a soir. To t'é bien connain nous gagné pou fé quat voudous a soir." (Thou hast come late to-night, yet thou knowest well we have four voudous to make.)

"Non," said Phœbe, "mo t'é pas capable gagnen ein passe, mo maitre." (I couldn't come earlier, because I couldn't get a pass from master.)

"E ben comment t'o vini done?" (Well, then, how did you come?)

"Mo menein mo tit maitre avec moi, et nous passé tou zendarme la." (I brought little master with me, and we passed all those gendarmes.)

"Coté li yé?" (Where is he?)

Thinking it was time to assert my own dignity, I stepped from behind Phœbe. The old woman threw up her arms.

"What! thou here?" (I will spare you the *patois*.)

"Yes," I answered, "Phœbe has told you the story. I have come with her, and I don't intend leaving her a minute—mind me, Dédé—until she is ready to go back with me."

The old hag cast a furious look at Phœbe and muttered to herself. At last she drew a three-legged stool to me and said, harshly, "Sit down there!"

This did not suit me. I was beginning to be frightened at what I had done. How did I know but that all this was a deep-laid plot, and that Phœbe was about to run away, and had used me to get through the city guard? Wherever Phœbe went there would I follow; so I stood sturdily by the door. The two women consulted for a moment in a whisper, and then Dédé said, aloud, "Do as thou pleasest."

At this moment I heard a dull, weird sound rising on the stillness of the night, and creeping through the house where we stood.

"Hearest thou?" said Dédé; "that is the call, and we must go."

As we went forth, I saw a long building, some forty feet in length by twenty in width, which I recognized as the great brick shed. When used for that purpose, one of the four

sides had been left open to admit carts. That was now closely boarded in, and, as we approached, I could see a crowd of white phantoms issuing from the cabins around, and making their way toward the shed.

An entrance-door was opened at the call of Dédé, and I witnessed a scene which, old as I am, no passage of years can ever dim. The first thing which struck me as we entered was a built-up square of bricks at the upper and lower end of the shed, on each of which was burning a fierce fire, casting a lurid light over the scene. Along the four sides of the parallelogram of the building, were sconces, with lighted dips placed at equal distances, which barely added to the darkling light of the two pyres. On the initiated who had already come in, and on those who were then thronging the shed, the combined light of fire-stack and tallow-dip falling on their white garments made an unearthly, fantastic picture, such as Doré to-day would have delighted in. I began to understand where I was, and, though no coward, I can tell you I shuddered when I thought of all I had heard of Voodoo rites. Each man and woman had a white kerchief tied around the forehead, though the heads of the latter were covered by the traditional Madras handkerchief, with its five, nay, with its seven artistic points, upturned to heaven.

In a little time the company, some sixty in all, had assembled. There were males and females, old and young negroes and negresses—handsome mulattresses and quadroons. With them half a dozen white men and two white women.

In one of the corners of the upper pyre Phoebe assigned me a place. Near where I stood was an oblong table about eight feet in length and four in width. On its right end stood a black cat, and on its left a white one. I thought them alive, and, having a certain fondness for cats, stretched out my hand to stroke the nearest. The touch, that most philosophical of all the senses, soon satisfied me that they were fine specimens of negro taxidermy. Admirably stuffed they were, too. In the centre of the table there was a cypress-sapling, some four feet in height, planted in the centre of a firkin or keg. Immediately behind the cypress, and towering above it, was a black doll with a dress variegated by cabalistic signs and emblems, and a necklace of the vertebrae of snakes around her neck, from which depended an alligator's fang encased in silver.

At the side of this table I recognized an old negro by the name of Zozo, well known in New Orleans as a vender of palmetto and sassafras roots; in fact, he had a whole pharmacopoeia of simples and herbs, some salutary, but others said to be fatal.

He seemed to be the corypheus of these unhallowed rites, for the signal of the beginning of the work came from him. He was astride on a cylinder made of thin cypress-staves hooped with brass and headed by a sheepskin. With two sticks he droned away a monotonous ra-ra-ta, ra-ra-ta-ta, while on his left sat a negro on a low stool, who with two sheep-shank bones, and a negress with the leg-bones of a buzzard or turkey, beat an accompaniment on the sides of the cylinder. It

was a queer second to this satanic discord. Some two feet from these arch-musicians squatted a young negro vigorously twirling a long calabash. It was made of one of our Louisiana gourds a foot and a half long, and filled with pebbles.

At a given signal the four initiates formed a crescent before Dédé, who was evidently the high-priestess or Voodoo queen. She made cabalistic signs over them, and sprinkled them vigorously with some liquid from a calabash in her hand, muttering under her breath.

She raised her hand, and Zozo dismounted from his cylinder, and from some hidden receptacle in or behind the large black doll drew an immense snake, which he brandished wildly aloft. I cannot at this distance of time recall to what species the serpent belonged; I only remember its vivid colors, showing like glistening red-and-black lozenges in the lurid, waning light of pyre and sconce.

This snake Zozo handled with the mastery of Payll, those charmers of serpents on the burning sands of the African Syrtis, of whom Pliny tells us. He talked and whispered to it. At every word the reptile, with undulating body and lambent tongue, seemed to acknowledge the dominion asserted over it. In the mean time, with arms crossed and reverent eyes, the initiates had now formed a crescent around Zozo. He now compelled the snake to stand upright for about ten inches of its body, and, like the deadly Naia which figures as a head-piece to Egyptian Isis, its head was horizontally laid. In that position Zozo passed the snake over the heads and around the necks of the initiates, repeating at each pass the words which constitute the name of this African sect, "Voodoo Magnian."

Hardly was this last ceremony over when a long, deep howl of exultation broke from every part of the shed. Zozo back to his tam-tam, his accompaniers right and left, and the gourd-musician with his rattle. A banjo-player, too, sprang up, and pandemonium was unloosed.

In the twinkling of an eye, on little brick foundations, boards were laid for a supper-table. The very oldest and ugliest of the tribes of Congos, Minas, Gangas, and Hibous, seemed to have been delegated to prepare and attend, as at the Eleusinian mysteries—Ceres and Bacchus, meat and wine—the feast of the initiates. No benches, no seats of any kind. Some squatted on their haunches, others reclined, like the Romans, on their *trichina* when at a feast. And such a feast it was! Every thing accessible that cleaves the air, that moves in the water, and that dwells on the earth, seemed to have been impressed for the occasion. Before each guest was a wax-taper or a sperm-candle stuck in a round dab of clay for a candlestick. No tumblers, but before each guest a baked clay vase, much like the amphora of the ancients. A vase with capacious and rounded belly, and a small spout, out of which the revelers drank wine or *tafia* (sugar-cane rum). Whiskey had not then come from "Kaintock" to civilize Louisiana into the higher perfections of the "drunk." The revelers gorged, and smiled, until, in the words of Livy, "Vino ciboque gravati." They were roused from

their bacchanalia by the long, fierce call of Zozo's tam-tam. The old women removed the boards, swept away the *débris* of the feast, and left the space of about forty feet open for the dance.

As the guests stood on the floor (a hardened surface of brick-dust), Zozo, leaving his tam-tam, went up to the altar—I have no other name of the place of fetish-worship—and again drew forth the snake.

He forced it to writhe and wriggle over and around the company, uttering the two words which were repeated by sixty voices, "Voodoo, voodoo, Magnian." He then twirled the snake around his head and dexterously cast it in the blazing pile. Such a yell as arose no words can describe. The rude instruments took up their discord mixed with yells. The chorus of Dante's hell had entered into the mad shouts of Africa. Then came a general call for the dance, and no dance of the witches in the Hartzberg ever came up to it. Up sprang a magnificent specimen of human flesh—Ajona, a lithe, tall, black woman, with a body waving and undulating like Zozo's snake—a perfect Semiramis from the jungles of Africa. Confining herself to a spot not more than two feet in space she began to sway on one and the other side. Gradually the undulating motion was imparted to her body from the ankles to the hips. Then she tore the white kerchief from her forehead. This was a signal, for the whole assembly sprang forward and entered the dance.

The beat of the drum, the thrum of the banjo, swelled louder and louder. Under the passion of the hour, the women tore off their garments, and almost nude went on dancing—no, not dancing, but wriggling like snakes. Above all the noise rose the voice of Zozo:

"Houm! dance Calinda,
Voodoo! Magnian,
Aie! Aie!
Dance Calinda!"

The orgies were becoming frightful. Suddenly the candles flared up and went out, leaving nothing but a faint glow from the dying pyres. I had grown sick from heat, and an indescribable horror took possession of me. With one bound I was out of the shed, and with all speed traversed the yard, found the gate open, and I was in the street and near home sooner than I can tell. If I ever have realized a sense of the real visible presence of his majesty the devil, it was that night among his Voodoo-worshippers.

MARIE B. WILLIAMS.

MY PALACE.

FULL many a castle
In air I have planned
In Nobody's Land;
And now a grand palace
Is building for me
By the weird sisters three.

Deep-laid its foundations
And broad and secure—
Made to ever endure;
Low the rafters; the door-way
Is narrow and small;
With no windows the wall.

From that palace no turrets
Nor pinnacles rise,
Stretching up to the skies;
No sculptured escutcheon
With arms of the great
Hangs over the gate.

The grim, silent porter,
Who tends with his keys,
No visitor sees;
When once close the portals,
Within all is gloom
Till the tramp-sound of doom.

It lies in a country
More populous far
Than the great oceans are;
Where the noble and peasant,
The clerk and the clown,
As equals lie down.

A country with millions
Of wealthy and great
Who rule not the state;
Filled with once-famous monarchs—
Not one has a throne;
There rank is unknown.

Nor hunger, nor sorrow,
Nor passion, nor crime,
Nor division of time,
Nor hope, nor ambition,
Nor pain, nor despair,
Nor memory there.

No blossoms, no branches,
No coppice, no trees,
The new-corned sees;
No animals living
Save earth-worms and moles—
The rest have no souls.

In that wonderful country
Where all are the same,
And few have a name,
The beautiful palace
Now building for me
By the grim sisters three,
Is, was, and shall be.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"AMERICA," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "has not done what was expected of it; the dreams of French enthusiasts, which a New World was to realize, have remained dreams. The great problems of life are unsolved. The land of equality has its degraded pauperism, even its hereditary paupers. It has its dangerous classes." In those sections of our country, let us answer the *Pall Mall Gazette*, where American institutions have been enabled to work themselves out without being submerged in a tide of European immigration, we have not failed to solve at least some of the problems of life, in the exhibition of intelligent, moral, and prosperous communities—communities where there is an approach to great social equality, where labor is not degrading, and where pauperism is unknown. It is not America but Europe that is responsible for the squalor, degradation, and tumult of our cities; and it is a wonder we have stood up so well under the tremendous pressure of evil upon us from abroad.

It is difficult to listen patiently to accusations like this of the *Gazette's* when for years Ireland has been emptying its pauper millions upon our shores; when the intractable class of England has contributed its large number to our population; when even the almshouses and prisons of European towns have been emptied of their inmates for exportation to America. It is the European who crowds our prisons, fills our almshouses, populates our alms, supplies the material for our dangerous classes; and it is European vice and ignorance that support our political demagogues and render fraud and rings possible. Let us not be misunderstood. Very important to America is the better class of immigrants that come to her shores; we are, of course, speaking only of that immense mass of wholly ignorant and intractable material that Europe has disgorged to its advantage and our immense injury. We recently had occasion to comment on an article in a contemporary which lamented our isolation from foreign influence—that we are "a nation without neighbors." Is there, in truth, any country in the world that has been so overrun by its neighbors, so forced out of its natural orbit by superimposed conditions, so moulded and bent by influences from sources beyond itself, as this Federal Union of ours? Not one. Other nations have neighbors in close geographical proximity; but we have not kept our neighbors on our borders, we have taken them into our bosom, we have incorporated them into our being; and our own blood has been somewhat poisoned by this over-liberal act.

BUT the *Pall Mall Gazette* suggests an infusion from another foreign source. A writer who traveled with two little half-Celestial children in the far West, described them favorably; whereupon the *Gazette* thinks something might result for our good if we crossed with the Chinese: "Family affection and reverence for age would certainly be learned from the Chinese." This is the kind of talk that ceaselessly comes from abroad. We have no public morals. We abound with private vices. We have none of the domestic virtues. We are without good-breeding. So runs the tale. And all being, of course, true, the *Gazette* naturally thinks that, when our population reaches its full dimensions of "six hundred million typical Americans," the country will be a dreadful place to live in. Perhaps it is not worth while to try and combat the prejudice and ignorance of the sort exhibited here, yet silence under these intimations and charges seems to be letting the suit go by default. But argument in the matter is useless. We will, therefore, make a challenge. We defy the production of evidence in disproof of the following assertions: That, in the whole large body of respectable people throughout the country who have been born and nurtured under the influence of

American institutions, there are committed fewer crimes than in any similar body of people in the world; that fewer vices exist among these people than among any similar class; that conjugal fidelity is more general, while family ties and affections are as deep and sincere; that there prevails an average better culture, an average better taste, an average higher ambition, and an average higher public spirit, than can be found elsewhere among the same number of people. Perhaps it would be only right in a few of these instances to substitute "equal" for "better" or "higher" so far as regards the people of England; and, as it is not our purpose to boast, but only to defend, we should not quarrel with any one who preferred this word as a substitute in many cases—not in all—not only for England but for other countries; but there stands the challenge, such as it is. We do not imagine it will be taken up. Our foreign critics are contented with their opinion of us, and do not care a straw whether it is true or not. Courtesy toward America is a form of good-breeding that no European thinks it necessary to practise.

WATCHING the strange operation of complex and anomalous social and political laws, one is sometimes half inclined to believe that imperfection is a necessary law of mundane things. The good theoretical systems of government, for instance, seem nowhere to work so smoothly and well as a few of the theoretically bad ones do. And this is not because the ideas in regard to them are wrong—the estimates of good and bad are just, and commonly acknowledged to be so. But a system of government that is logically and scientifically bad may be a slow outgrowth of conditions; and its anomalies, its circumlocution, its cumbersome processes, its devious and strange ways, may arise from succeeding adaptations and experiments, from the adjustment of imperfect methods to imperfect social conditions, from wrong conceptions struggling to work toward good ends, from earnest and honest motives laboring under pressure and necessity—so that the whole queer and involved structure is, in each of its parts, an adjustment to other queer and involved conditions of public life. And, of course, a system that so shapes itself to its environments is, practically, better adapted for the end in view than one, however fairly and wisely built, that is imposed upon the people, rather than interwoven with their prejudices, tastes, traditions, knowledge, and needs. It has been the ignorance of this principle that has caused so many seemingly governmental structures to fall to the ground. Just so long as men deal with imperfect society, it would fairly seem as if they must deal by imperfect means. Perfect fitness, even if it were possible to find it, could not, it is to be apprehended, be practically adjusted to imperfect conditions. We all can

see in the British Constitution a strange, anomalous, perplexing, involved, and cumbersome system of government; but we discover in the adaptation of this system to social conditions, in the intimate relation it bears to the genius of the people, that an exceedingly harmonious result is secured. No government, planned and devised by the best skill in the world, would be likely to work so smoothly and responsively to the end required. It would seem that a government system should grow, and not be made; should be wholly flexible to needs and conditions as they arise; should be born of man's struggling experience, righted as he sees and understands the right, simplified as he understands and accepts simplification. Of course, under such a rule, it would be full of errors, but of errors continually righting themselves, and which, when righted in this fundamental way, would forever remain so.

A TOLERABLY good illustration of the above speculation is given in the government of London. It is doubtful whether there is a city in the world without a much simpler and scientifically better municipal system, but where is there one in which affairs go on smoother? Of course, absolute power, as we have seen it in Paris, can do wonders; but absolutism is as terrible when it destroys as it is effectual when it constructs; and hence we must assume that the problem before us is the attainment of first-rate efficiency, with the liberties of the people untouched. With this problem in view, London stands foremost. And yet it is doubtful whether the man lives who understands accurately its wonderfully confused and almost chaotic system or systems—a tangle of metropolitan boards, parish boards, metropolitan commissions, and what not. But the whole intricate system has developed step by step. It may have retarded improvements in some cases, but it has restricted unwise projects in others; it has been too conservative, but the people were conservative; it has moved slowly and steadily, just as the people move slowly and steadily; it is not ahead of the times in action; it is not far behind them, notwithstanding the weight of many centuries of precedents it has to carry. The time will come when a compact and single system may be substituted for the present complicated one; but, unless great wisdom and caution are used, mischief rather than good will come of the change. A mass of imperfections, if we have been reading the signs aright, that work out good results, are better than perfections that have no practical adjustment to their environments.

We spoke last week of the tyranny of the minority. A very striking instance in proof of what we then uttered came to light just after that paragraph was written. It seems that the postage on books and miscellaneous

mailable matter was, by the law passed last July, quite too low to suit the ideas of the express companies. It therefore happened that just at the end of the session a law was passed, which quietly doubled the rates on matter described as third-class, which consists of books, transient newspapers, and miscellaneous articles. There was no discussion or ventilation of the act. The public were left in entire ignorance of the proposed change. It was a measure neither required by the department nor demanded by the people. No one had asked for the law, and no one knew any thing about the law, save and except certain express companies. The tyrannical minority sent on its behests to Washington, and they were obeyed. Senators representing the States in the Upper House, and members representing the people in the Lower House, surrendered promptly the interests of their constituencies to the demand of half a dozen discontented autocrats—surrendered without debate or investigation, and before opportunity was vouchsafed the dethroned majority to utter a word or a protest upon the subject. But the agents of the express companies who dictated this law were incautious. They have made a blunder that will surely bring retribution upon them. It was undoubtedly their intention simply to secure an increase of rates on parcels sent through the mails; they had no objection—tyrants are not without their amiable intervals—to the low rates on transient newspapers. Express companies do not forward single copies of journals or periodicals; and hence a low rate for matter of this kind in no wise interfered with their lordly prerogatives. But in their haste and greed they forgot all about the newspapers. The secrecy and haste killed all debate, and so a few important facts were overlooked—important, as they will prove, even to those who were playing the bold game. They did not see that they were making it cost twice as much postage to send a newspaper from New York to New Haven as to send one to London. Two cents is the postage on an ordinary newspaper to the above city; four cents is the postage if one mails it to Brooklyn or Boston. But this little oversight is destined to be the Nemesis in the matter. The public have awakened in great astonishment to the facts of the case. A wind is stirring that will strengthen into a gale ere the next Congress meets, when the majority will for once have something to say, and insist upon being heeded. The express companies, meanwhile, will have occasion to earnestly wish they had not been the hands to place this feather on the camel's back.

THE fate of the Established Church of England may yet be postponed, if not wholly averted, if such reforms as that just proposed by the Bishop of Peterborough are

steadfastly pursued. This prelate is the most eloquent and brilliant of the lawn-sleeved occupants of the Episcopical Bench, and has succeeded, by common consent, to the authority and fame of Bishop Wilberforce. Of Irish birth, he is an intense Churchman, and, like most of the Protestant Irish, he is also intensely Tory. But his clear intellect sees that bold innovation alone can disarm the advocates of disestablishment; and, with a vigor not very usual among the spiritual peers, he has attacked what is confessedly one of the least defensible as well as one of the most ancient abuses of the Church. He has introduced a measure into the House of Lords to regulate the appointment of rectors, vicars, and curates, and to restrict the power of public and private "patrons" of benefices in their selection of pastors. Hitherto this power has been an almost irresponsible one. Old men in their dotage are put into livings, so that these may be bought and sold over their heads with a near prospect of succession. Youths, almost beardless, are taken, fresh from orgies at the university, and installed in the cure of souls. Bishop Magee cited an instance of the induction of a young man, totally unfit for clerical functions, whose appointment was a bridal present to his just-wedded wife. The bishop's bill enjoins that no clergyman shall be eligible to a living who is over seventy or under twenty-six. It provides that the bishop shall examine into the moral, intellectual, and even physical fitness of every candidate, and shall reject and refuse to induct any who fail to answer these requirements. At present the bishop has wellnigh no power at all to refuse to induct any person whom it may gratify the caprice of a worldly and selfish patron to nominate. The sale of livings, moreover, ver, is to be public, and subject to the new restrictions. Such a reform is sure to excite very strong opposition among the peers, whose "property interests" in the Church livings are threatened by it; but a wise forethought might teach them, as it has Dr. Magee, that the alternative lies between reforms as thorough as this, or an imminent and formidable effort to separate Church from state.

Of all European countries, Russia would be thought to be about the most secure from the invasion of socialistic and communistic ideas; for of all European countries its central power is the most complete and absolute, and its administration the most searching, swift, and effective. Yet it appears that the spread of radicalism has been so rapid there within a few years as to cause the government "grave apprehensions." Were it only the laborers out of work in the large cities, or the serfs chafing at the restrictions under which they still suffer on the great estates, the matter might, perhaps, be disposed

of by a single quiet order from the Minister of Police. The contagion, however, has crept into the upper strata of society; nay, has invaded the households of "very high officials" at St. Petersburg. The wife of one of the most eminent nobles at the Russian court is said to have been discovered in league with socialistic conspiracies; and it is no longer a secret that many of the aristocracy have, for good reasons, been placed "under the eye of the police." Secret consignments of men and women of rank to Siberia are by no means a gloomy romance of by-gone days. Every now and then a person of distinction is missed; and the whisper goes round, with much significant head-shaking, that he or she has been compromised in a democratic plot, and will never be seen more. There is an evident reaction in the domestic policy of the czar. Most of his concessions to the press and free speech have latterly been withdrawn. Opposition to the measures of the government is dumb perforce. The dreary reign of undiluted despotism has been resumed. When an atmosphere of terror invades the Winter Palace, there seems some reason to believe that our gushing orators, who talk about the "crumbling thrones of Europe," may not, after all, be indulging in any very extravagant hyperbole. Certainly, if the throne of Peter the Great is not secure from the iconoclasm of the Commune, where is to be found a throne in Europe that is? The dallying of the Russian high-born with radical ideas recalls the fatal error of the French courtiers of Louis XV., in petting Voltaire and applauding Rousseau. Alexander of Russia has in many ways alienated his nobles; but their revenge, if it takes the form of democratic conspiracy, will ruin them, if their plots should succeed, as surely as the dynasty of the Romanoffs.

Literary.

IT is surprising that bookish men—men who live in the atmosphere of books, collect them and study them as books, and deal with them *con amore*—do not fairly overwhelm the world with writings of their own. Perhaps we have reason to be thankful on this account that they have not generally been men of fluent pens. For there seems to us nothing so provocative of essays as a good library of standard English books (standard in the best sense, we mean). Every one of them has a thousand texts on which any thinking man is certain to believe he can beneficially enlarge, turning the original author's allusion into a full treatise, working out his thought beyond the mere suggestion he has given; or, more enticing work still, making a study of the author himself through his book; or of his book, through what we know of his personality; and so on, through a thousand different ways. And all these besides the ordinary form of review and criticism. If books multiplied themselves in this

way, and if there could be found confiding publishers to publish all the books *about* books, the world would be untenable in a few years, it is true; but still we cannot help wishing we might get a glance at perhaps a sieve-full of the matter thus produced; after a little sifting we believe some of the most interesting reading might be found in it—in what the clever silent men think about the books the clever fluent men have written.

Now and then we get a little of this kind of writing; Lowell's "Among my Books" is the best contribution this country has given to it (not that Lowell is a "clever silent man" by any means, but that he assumed the character of reader of other men's work with all the charm of a true book-lover); and numberless bits of it appear from time to time in the magazines. As a rule, however, it comes to us from England, where the critical spirit has had an active season of late, and essays on literature and on book-makers, biographical studies and recollections of authors and their work, have flourished greatly.

Mr. Leslie Stephen is one of the latest contributors to the literature of the library (distinctively), and his book* is a good one. To be sure, his subjects are almost all well-worn; but he has really something to say of each of them—and having something to say is a rare trait in a book-loving essayist.

The eight papers in the volume are respectively on "De Foe's Novels," "Richardson's Novels," "Pope as a Moralist," "Mr. Elwin's Edition of Pope," "Sir Walter Scott," "Nathaniel Hawthorne," "Balzac's Novels," and "De Quincey."

"De Foe's Novels" is a title with a strange sound to the general reader, who is long accustomed to think of De Foe as the author of "Robinson Crusoe" alone, and can hardly bring himself to call that veracious tale a "novel."

"According to the high authority of Charles Lamb," says Mr. Stephen, "it has sometimes happened 'that, from no inferior merit in the rest, but from some superior good fortune in the choice of a subject, some single work' (of a particular author's) 'shall have been suffered to eclipse and cast into shade the deserts of its less fortunate brethren.' And, after quoting the case of Bunyan's 'Holy War' as compared with the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' he adds that, 'in no instance has this excluding partiality been exerted with more unfairness than against what may be termed the secondary novels or romances of De Foe.' He proceeds to declare that there are at least four other fictitious narratives by the same writer—'Roxana,' 'Singleton,' 'Moll Flanders,' and 'Colonel Jack'—which possess an interest not inferior to 'Robinson Crusoe'—'except what results from a less felicitous choice of situation.'"

In this opinion Mr. Stephen very wisely differs with Lamb, and puts his difference on so wise a basis of general truths about success and "luck," that we wish we had space to quote all that he says in the opening of his essay.

This whole paper is, indeed, good to a

remarkable degree. Witness a capital passage on certain artifices in story-telling, which is as excellent as any piece of analysis of the kind that we remember to have seen for a long time:

"Most of the literary artifices to which De Foe owed his power of producing this illusion are sufficiently plain. Of all the fictions which he succeeded in palming off for truths none is more instructive than that admirable ghost, Mrs. Veal. It is, as it were, a hand-specimen, in which we may study his *modus operandi* on a convenient scale. Like the sonnets of some great poets, it contains in a few lines all the essential peculiarities of his art, and an admirable commentary has been appended to it by Sir Walter Scott. The first device which strikes us is his ingenious plan for manufacturing corroborative evidence. The ghost appears to Mrs. Bargrave. The story of the apparition is told by a 'very sober and understanding gentlewoman, who lives within a few doors of Mrs. Bargrave,' and the character of this sober gentlewoman is supported by the testimony of a justice of the peace at Maidstone, 'a very intelligent person.' This elaborate chain of evidence is intended to divert our attention from the obvious circumstance that the whole story rests upon the authority of the anonymous person who tells us of the sober gentlewoman who supports Mrs. Bargrave, and is confirmed by the intelligent justice. Simple as the artifice appears, it is one which is constantly used in supernatural stories of the present day. One of the commonest of those improving legends tells how a ghost appeared to two officers in Canada, and how, subsequently, one of the officers met the ghost's twin-brother in London, and straightway exclaimed, 'You are the person who appeared to me in Canada!' Many people are diverted from the weak part of the story by this ingenious confirmation, and, in their surprise at the coherence of the narrative, forget that the narrative itself rests upon entirely anonymous evidence. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link; but, if you show how admirably the last few are united together, half the world will forget to test the security of the equally essential links which are kept out of sight. De Foe generally repeats a similar trick in the prefaces of his fictions. 'Tis certain,' he says, in the 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' 'no man could have given a description of his retreat from Marston Moor to Rochdale, and thence over the moors to the north, in so apt and proper terms, unless he had really traveled over the ground he describes,' which, indeed, is quite true, but by no means proves that the journey was made by a fugitive from that particular battle. He separates himself more ostentatiously from the supposititious author by praising his admirable manner of relating the memoirs, and the 'wonderful variety of incidents with which they are beautified;' and, with admirable impudence, assures us that they are written in so soldierly a style that it 'seems impossible any but the very person who was present in every action here related was the relater of them.'"

We should like to go on quoting from this first and capital essay, but we must not fill all our space with it. It is an excellent specimen of Mr. Stephen's attractive style; and the reader will be agreeably disappointed to find the one on "Richardson's Novels," and that on "Pope as a Moralist," quite as good, even if their titles do not sound so interesting. The paper on "Mr. Elwin's Edition of

* Hours in a Library. By Leslie Stephen. New York (reprint): Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Pope" will be less interesting except to book-lovers of the intenser class; but immediately after it, and the one on "Sir Walter Scott," comes that which will perhaps first attract the notice of American readers, the essay on "Nathaniel Hawthorne." We quote the beginning of this:

"I have always sympathized with the famous senior-wrangler who, on being invited to admire 'Paradise Lost,' inquired, 'What does it prove?' To the theory, indeed, on which his question is generally supposed to be based, that any human composition is worthless which does not end with the magical letters Q. E. D., I can by no means yield an unqualified assent. I fully share the ordinary prejudice against stories with a moral. No poem or novel should be conspicuously branded with a well-worn aphorism, and declare to the whole listening universe that honesty is the best policy. The simple-minded tracts, whether in the shape of a pamphlet or three columned volume whose claims to morality consist in a distribution of poetical justice, and the more pretentious allegories where abstract qualities are set masquerading in frigid forms of flesh and blood, moved, like the figures on a barrel-organ, not by passions, but by a logical machinery grinding out syllogisms below the surface, are equally vexatious. And yet I fancy that the senior-wrangler had a dim perception of a more tenable theory. Some central truth should be embodied in every work of fiction, which cannot indeed be compressed into a definite formula, but which acts as the animating and informing principle, determining the main lines of the structure and affecting even its most trivial details. Critics who try to extract it as a formal moral present us with nothing but an outside husk of dogma. The lesson itself is the living seed which, cast into a thousand minds, will bear fruit in a thousand different forms. The senior-wrangler was therefore unreasonable if he expected to have 'Paradise Lost' packed for him into a single portable formula. The true answer to him would have been: 'Read and see. The world will be changed for you when you have assimilated the master's thought, though you have gone through no definite process of linking *x* and *y* with *a* and *b*. Though the poem proves nothing, it will persuade you of much. It is not a demonstration, but an education.'

"These remarks, certainly obvious enough, are but a clumsy comment on part of Hawthorne's preface to the 'House of the Seven Gables'; they roughly express, therefore, Hawthorne's theory of his own art; and they are preparatory to the question, so far as it is a rational question, What do his romances prove? Abandoning the absurdity of answering that question as one would answer a hostile barrister or a civil-service examiner, one may still attempt to indicate what is for some persons the most conspicuous tendency of writings in which the finest if not the most powerful genius of America has embodied itself. Compressing the answer to its narrowest limits, one may say that Hawthorne has shown what elements of romance are discoverable among the harsh prose of this prosaic age. And his teaching is of importance, because it is just what is most needed at the present day. How is the novelist who, by the inevitable conditions of his style, is bound to come into the closest possible contact with facts, who has to give us the details of his hero's clothes, to tell us what he had for breakfast, and what is the state of the balance at his banker's—how he is to introduce the

ideal element which must, in some degree, be present in all genuine art!"

The way in which Mr. Stephen, in a later passage, seeks to answer this question, gives a further key to his treatment of his subject; and from this we also make an extract of some length:

"In the first place, then, he had the good fortune to be born in the most prosaic of all countries—the most prosaic, that is, in external appearance, and even the superficial character of its inhabitants. Hawthorne himself reckoned this as an advantage, though in a very different sense from that in which we are speaking. It was as a patriot, and not as an artist, that he congratulated himself on his American origin. There is a humorous struggle between his sense of the rawness and ugliness of his native land and the dogged patriotism befitting a descendant of the genuine New-England Puritans. Hawthorne the novelist writhes at the discords which torture his delicate sensibilities at every step; but instantly Hawthorne the Yankee protests that the very faults are symptomatic of excellence. He is like a sensitive mother, unable to deny that her awkward hobbledeloy of a son offends against the proprieties, but tacitly resolved to see proofs of virtues present or to come even in his clumsiest tricks. He forces his apologies to sound like boasting. 'No author,' he says, 'can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor any thing but a commonplace prosperity, as is happily' (it must and shall be happily!) 'the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily-handled themes either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable events of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruins to make them grow.' If, that is, I am forced to confess that poetry and romance are absent, I will resolutely stick to it that poetry and romance are bad things, even though the love of them is the strongest propensity of my nature. To my thinking, there is something almost pathetic in this loyal self-deception; and therefore I have never been offended by certain passages in 'Our Old Home' which appear to have caused some irritation in touchy Englishmen."

For the reasons implied in this, and for others, Mr. Stephen thinks "Hawthorne" succeeds best in his American works. In speaking of a passage in the "Marble Faun," he says:

"The fountain of Trevi, with all its allegorical marbles, may be a very picturesque object to describe, but for Hawthorne's purposes it is really not equal to the town-pump at Salem; and Hilda's poetical tower, with the perpetual light before the Virgin's image, and the doves floating up to her from the street, and the column of Antoninus looking at her from the heart of the city, somehow appeals less to our sympathies than the quaint garret in the House of the Seven Gables, from which Phoebe Pyncheon watched the singular idiosyncrasies of the superannuated breed of fowls in the garden."

Justice is by no means done to Hawthorne in this study of him; yet it is full of good points; and we have quoted rather the peculiar than the more favorable and subse-

quently expressed side of Mr. Stephen's opinions.

We have overrun the limits we had set for this brief notice; but we earnestly commend Mr. Stephen's book to readers of the kind to whom such books most appeal. If our extracts have aroused their curiosity rather than satisfied it, they will have done their work fully.

WHILE we are speaking of purely literary studies, we are tempted to glance in advance (in advance as far as many American readers are concerned, at least) at a volume made up of translations of certain of Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi* that relate to English subjects.* The book has been published in London, and Messrs. Holt & Co., we believe, have announced it here.

The introductory chapter on Sainte-Beuve's life and writings supplies, with an excellent biographical study, one of the best prefatory chapters of the kind that we remember. In a passage on his writings there is a little allusion to his queerly mistaken ambition, that is valuable as showing well what has been shown so often before—the commonness of such a mistake:

"When estimating the character and influence of Sainte-Beuve's literary work, it is necessary to bear in mind the chief object of his ambition as an author. Strange though it may seem to those who have formed their opinions of him from a perusal of his 'Causeries du Lundi' and his other prose writings only, it is nevertheless true that his dearest wish was to be a poet, and he cared but little about being complimented as a critic. He was at one in his poetical aspirations with many of the greatest ornaments of our critical literature. As a poet, Addison first made his mark, yet who among the readers of the essays in the *Spectator* can now peruse his poem on 'The Battle of Blenheim' and his tragedy of 'Cato' without wondering that either should ever have had a single admirer! Dr. Johnson wrote what in his day was called poetry; but who would now exchange the Johnson of Boswell's 'Life' and Madame d'Arbly's 'Diary,' and the author of 'The Lives of the Poets,' for the Johnson who wrote 'London' and 'The Vanity of Human Wishes!' Before Jeffrey acquired fame as a critic, he had written verses by the hundred, which he dealt with on what he deemed their merits by throwing them into the fire; his poetic taste, except when it played him false, as in the case of 'The Excursion,' principally served to render him a better reviewer of the works of versifiers. Before Professor Wilson acquired fame as an essayist in *Blackwood*, he had written 'The City of the Plague' and 'The Isle of Palms,' and had flattered himself that he too was a poet. The early ballads of Macaulay and 'The Lays of Ancient Rome' are regarded as true poetry only by those who have not clearly discriminated between the dainty rhetorical effects of great talent and the results of the genius which transfigures and immortalizes whatever it touches. Bulwer Lytton fancied that he was a genuine poet as well as an accomplished novelist and a clever essayist, while his verses bear the same relation to poetry that his speeches do to the oratory of antiquity, which,

* English Portraits. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve, of the French Academy. Selected and translated from the *Causeries du Lundi*. With an Introductory Chapter, etc. London: Daldy, Isbister & Co.

after thrilling and swaying a single assembly, entrances and enthralls, in the printed page, the mind of every reader from generation unto generation. Instances could easily be accumulated showing how frequently the predilection of Sainte-Beuve has been exemplified in others whose renown is based, not on the poetry which they essayed to write, but on the prose which they succeeded in writing to perfection."

The essays selected for translations are those on Mary Queen of Scots, Lord Chesterfield, Franklin, Gibbon, Cowper, Taine's "English Literature," and (an odd coincidence to quote it here just after Mr. Stephen's essays) on Pope as a Poet.

It is interesting to notice how much Sainte-Beuve's graver side resembled the prevailing character of English thought. Apart from the excellence of the verbal translation here presented, the ideas do not read like the ideas of a French mind.

We have space for a few quotations here, and can give a better idea of what the *Causeurs* are like in translation by this means than by any other.

Here is one which shows the spirit in which the paper on Mary Stuart is written:

"Well, they may say what they will, many a true heart will be sad for Mary Stuart, even if all be true men say of her." This phrase, which Sir Walter Scott puts into the mouth of one of the personages in his novel, 'The Abbot,' when preparing the reader for an introduction to the beautiful queen, remains the final verdict of posterity as well as of contemporaries, the conclusion of history as well as of poetry. Elizabeth triumphed during her lifetime, and her policy is still triumphing and ruling, so that Protestantism and the British Empire are but one and the same thing. Mary Stuart has succumbed in her own person and in that of her descendants; Charles I. beneath the axe, James II. by his exile, have continued and increased her inheritance of faults, of follies, and of misfortunes—the entire race has been cut off, and appears to have deserved its fate. Yet, vanquished in the actual order of events, and under the empire of fact or even under that of inexorable reason, the beautiful queen has regained every thing in the domain of imagination and of compassion. Therein she has repeatedly had, from age to age, cavaliers, lovers, and avengers."

Franklin is studied chiefly in his relations to European thought and affairs:

"There are foreign names which, in some respects, belong to, or at least closely concern, France. In the eighteenth century there were several which have been welcomed and almost adopted by us at certain times; an entire list of them might be compiled from Bolingbroke down to Franklin. In naming these two, I have named two great inoculators in the moral and philosophical order of things; but Bolingbroke in exile, and arriving at the commencement of the century, influenced a few only; whereas, Franklin, arriving later, and at a period of general ferment, acted upon a great many. The history of ideas and of opinion, during the years which preceded the French Revolution, would be incomplete if one did not pause to study Franklin. I shall endeavor to do this, with the help of some works recently published about him, and, above all, by giving a direct hearing to himself."

His life is followed carefully from this point of view, and the result is an admirable "philosophical biography," if we may use such a phrase.

Gibbon Sainte-Beuve is inclined to claim as partly a French writer:

"Gibbon is a French writer in some respects, and has by right his marked place in our eighteenth century. During the stay he made at Lausanne in youth—from his sixteenth to his twenty-first year—he learned to think entirely in French, to such a degree that the letters he then wrote in English are those of some one who no longer knows his own language perfectly. Later, when he returned to England, the first essay which he published ('Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature,' 1761) is written in French. Impelled by his inclination to be an historian and still in quest of a subject, he undertakes a 'History of the Liberty of the Swiss' along with his friend Deyverdun (the same heroic theme which Johannes von Müller will afterward treat), and Gibbon had already composed the introduction in French—it became necessary for the illustrious historian, David Hume, to recall him to the use of his native tongue by saying to him, as Horace did to the Romans who wrote their books in Greek, 'Why do you carry fagots into the wood?' Finally, having returned to reside at Lausanne in the closing hours of his life, his habitual conversation was in French; and he fears lest the last volume of his history of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' composed during this period, would not bear marks of this. He says, 'The constant habit of speaking one language and writing another may have infused some mixture of Gallic idioms.' If these are drawbacks in his case, and perhaps sins in the eyes of pure Britons, let them at least be a reason in our eyes for dealing with him, and for rendering him the more special justice, as an eminent author who has been in part one of ourselves."

Of the essays from which we have not quoted, that on Taine's "English Literature" will perhaps interest the largest body of readers; but all are full of thought and suggestion.

We may perhaps have occasion to quote further from the book on the appearance of the American edition.

The *Saturday Review*, which is so often harsh upon American books, has almost always something to say in favor of the various blue-books issued by our national and State governments. In the number for February 27th it praises the "Geological Survey of the State of Ohio," published by the authority of the Ohio Legislature—a class of books which it considers a feature of American literature. "It is in," it says, "the State Libraries, and in that of Congress, rather than in those of private persons or voluntary institutions, that the largest collection of valuable scientific works respecting the geology and physical geography, the climate and meteorology, the agriculture and natural resources of the United States is to be found. It is to public officers intrusted with the duty of making such investigations on the part of the central and local governments, rather than, as in Europe, to professors or scientific volunteers, that we are indebted for the very large store of information respecting the natural history of North America which has been accumulated during the last quarter of a century, and whose amount and fullness only those who

have had to study it can fully appreciate." . . . Shirley Brooks, the late editor of *Punch*, was a prolific writer of *vers de société*, and his scattered pieces, some of which made their mark at the time of publication, are to be gathered into a volume. Mr. Brooks, it is also said, was a famous letter-writer of a by-gone type. . . . "John Dorrien," by Julia Kavanagh, and "The Story of Valentine and his Brother," by Mrs. Oliphant, both just published in England, and soon to be reprinted here, have the commendation of the *Athenæum*, which thinks Mrs. Oliphant's production one of the very best of her novels, and Miss Kavanagh's effort receives equally high praise. . . . "The Harrowing of Hell," by Mr. G. A. Simcox, all handsomely done in verse, is soon to harrow the souls of men.

By an awkward mischance, last week's JOURNAL went to press with an error of the types in our Paris Letter uncorrected, by which the name of the poets Lebrun was transformed into Lehun.

The Arts.

AT THE STUDIOS.

WE have remarked in a former article on the striking picturesqueness of many of the studios of our New-York artists, which are decorated not only with pictures and sketches, but with rare and beautiful objects from all quarters of the globe. This is particularly true of the studios in the Tenth-Street Building, the oldest and still the most populous and popular home of the artists; which, though it looks without like a prison or a monastery, has charming apartments behind the plain doors of its gloomy corridors.

In the recent reception given by the artists of this building the doors of their rooms usually stood open, and, in passing from one to another, the visitor was struck as much by the individuality and taste displayed in the arrangement of the interiors as by the pictures on the walls or easels.

Turning to the right of the public exhibition-room, the guest soon found himself in the beautiful painting-room of George H. Hall. Screened off from the outside entry, the first objects that catch the eye in this room are a charming collection of ornaments of all kinds ranged on shelves in a little dark recess; among them coarse, yellow jugs of strange form, covered with flaunting figures of many hues—pottery from Africa. Ranged with these were old, gray-stone beer-mugs, adorned with blue, raised figures and with pewter covers, such as appear so often in old pictures. Delicate china stood beside them, and in a group near by picturesque trophies of the artist's life in Spain. Mr. Hall has hung up a collection of brown, earthen drinking-vessels, shaped somewhat like and about the size of gourds. These are vessels which the natives of Africa suspend in a draught of air to cool the liquid contents. From Venice or Turkey strings of bright beads completed this pleasant point of the studio.

Turning around the screen on the other side of the apartment, the visitor was attracted by a gorgeous mass of color. On the pegs of a tall frame hung the helmet, gauntlets, and part of the cuirass, of a set of steel

armor. Between the gauntlets the giant form held two upright spears. Flags, and bits of brocade and satin, completed this group. At the side of it is a lay figure, completely clad in one of the peasant-costumes of Italy. Many more odds and ends, artistic in their use as well as in appearance, glowed here and there in odd corners of this room, whose walls are dark-red orange in color.

Every one familiar with Mr. Hall's pictures knows well the bouquet of color which he combines into each and all his works. An artist once told us that a good test of paintings was to mass them together into a group, and then see if the effect was pleasant. The recollection of this remark came to us when we looked at a dozen paintings ranged close together in Mr. Hall's room. Here were magnificent grapes, purple and sweet and ripe, soft in the light or rich in dusky shadows, Spanish pomegranates, cut open and showing their scarlet cells, bright and shining like the ripe currants in our own gardens. Peaches, too, were there; and the faces of children as soft and rich as peaches. One of the most important pictures in the varied group was one entitled "The Italian Girl at Prayer," which was very pleasing, both from the colors of the figure and its architectural surroundings.

Totally different from the tropical color of this room is Mr. Bradford's studio, with its arctic paintings, interspersed with the antlers of moose, the stuffed heads of polar bears, and the trappings of the Esquimaux. This studio is also on the first floor of the building, and, besides its arctic ornaments, Mr. Bradford has fitted it up with a good number of pieces of furniture in dark, carved wood. Heavy benches and tables of this material give elegance as well as picturesque charm to the room, and form a luxurious contrast to the cold, icy scenes that nearly conceal all sides of it. The most imposing of these pictures is yet unfinished, and represents the winter quarters of the *Polaris*. Another—and this is the most poetical picture we have ever seen by Mr. Bradford—is called "Waiting—a July Day in Melville Bay." A ship wedged between fields of ice is motionless under a cold sky. Ice-clad hills form much of the background of the picture, and, deep as are the colors, the rich blues, purples, and greens, are intensely cold.

Wandering a little way from the front-door, the visitor comes to a small studio, the cozy room of Mr. Perry, whose old-times pictures are well known. "Hackling Flax," "The Clock-Mender," etc., are among the pleasantest of these. The room has a large, sunny south window, and, with its big fire and the cheery, genial temperament of its occupant, it is a great resort for the artists of the building. At nearly all hours of the day a slight haze of tobacco-smoke may be seen here; and, among old country rocking-chairs, old kitchen delf, spinning-wheels, farmers' clothing, and mayhap the straw-hat of some of the farmer-boys of his pictures, Mr. Perry's easel appears with the half-painted canvas of "Saturday Night," the old woman reading her Bible, or a similar scene. Half-way up the walls, and half hidden in a dim corner, are hung pictures as unlike these New-Eng-

land ones as possible. Half-blurred interiors of St. Mark's, at Venice, and some old Italian campaniles, are reminders of Mr. Perry's life in Italy.

With Mr. Church's studio, now occupied by Mr. Heade, many of our readers are familiar. Like a recess in woods, it appears arched and festooned by long palm-branches, whose brown, finger-like leaves depend a couple of feet or more from the curved stalks on which they grew. Multitudes of butterflies from South America glitter like blue, or scarlet, or green gems between these brown palms, and eagles' heads and stuffed cockatoos make a fit surrounding to paintings of tropical luxuriance. A delicate, large, pink orchid, with its leaves growing by a mossy piece of wood, led the eye by the forms of pink humming-birds, as delicate as itself, into the gray distance of a landscape. Here on the hazy hill-side this pink was again repeated like an echo of the foreground color, by stray sunbeams falling through the mist.

Among the best pictures on the easels, and the most striking of the new paintings, are "The Midnight Mass" and a scene at a camp-meeting, by Whittredge. The former of these, which is quite large, represents a church at Tivoli, near Rome. A summer moon throws its mellow light upon the broad pavement of the piazza, and in the distance beyond its gate stone-pines loom up in the clear obscure of the warm night.

The church, an old Italian Gothic, is darkly outlined against the soft haze, with its lofty bell-tower and its irregular roof. Within the open portals, and lighting up arched and circular windows, the thousand tapers used to celebrate the mass make the light of the picture. A crowd of worshipers are about the open door, and numerous men and women kneel far out on the pavement of the piazza, their dark shadows falling upon its floor. A damp, misty light envelops every object, and the warm, wet air intervenes between the church and the spectator.

The painting of "The Camp-Meeting" has for its chief subject a thin wood, through which, as in a summer afternoon, the sunbeams are straying. A good representation of so many of the picnicking grounds near our cities, the grove, free from undergrowth, a clear ground, and the platforms for speakers or dancers, as the occasion may require, with the crowd of people, are made refined and poetical through the elegant medium of Mr. Whittredge's brush.

Mr. Parton had some of the pleasantest pictures of the reception. His "Old Bridge at Dalmally" served to recall many a pleasant scene in Scotland to those who are fond of her romantic scenery. Mr. Parton's pictures are eminently cheerful in their color, and this is also one of their greatest charms. With a very good handling and freedom from harsh or forced color, these green slopes of the Scottish landscape would cheer a city home and give a pleasant variety to one in the country. We know of many pictures that are really highly artistic, and which yet scarcely anybody would care to possess. Parton's pictures are certainly good as works of art, but they are also particularly such

pictures as one would like to hang in a library or familiar room. The picture of "The Old Bridge at Dalmally" is just one of this kind. Distant hills are chased by sunlight and shadow—such light and shade as one is familiar with all over Scotland—a land half the time buried in sea-mists from the ocean that surrounds it. In contrast with the pearly gray on the distant hill-side, Mr. Parton has brought out in clear, pure light the arches of the old bridge which crosses a rapid stream of clear, running water. Green trees, whose foliage is kept bright by the damp atmosphere, throw their flickering shadows upon the side of the bridge and on the water, and green grass—green as scarcely anywhere else than in Scotland—give a perfectly characteristic view of this charming country. Such a picture recalls the scenes about Melrose; and the bridge, almost precisely like the one that crosses the Tweed at Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott is buried, and where he laid the scenes with the White Lady of Arnel, in his "Monastery," is as charming as that. To those who love Scotland as we do, Mr. Parton's paintings are full of reminiscence of that country, and it is long before we shall forget the pleasure we derived from his picture of "The Old Bridge at Dalmally."

Other paintings and other studios made this afternoon in Tenth Street one of the events of the season. The artists were not allowed to show their pictures designed for the Spring Exhibition at the Academy; but, though these paintings did not appear, we have never seen so many interesting paintings at one time in this building as now.

We have one practical remark to offer. It is often mentioned as a great convenience to the public that Tiffany at his store has the prices of his goods marked upon the articles. Would-be purchasers are thus enabled, without embarrassment, to compare and consider the value of different things they may desire to possess. In the crowd who filled the halls and rooms of the Studio Building, we heard the whisper among rich visitors that they wished they could know the price of such or such a picture without asking the artist. As pictures that are for sale are fair merchandise, it does not seem amiss that possible buyers should have this opportunity to know the value of works. If the prices had been attached to the frames or canvas, we are sure, from our own experience, that afternoon there would have been insured purchasers, in two or three cases at least, of the works exhibited.

THE Hermann Monument on the Grotenburg Field, not far from the city of Detmold, which has been many years in course of erection, is at last completed, and the colossal statue which surmounts it will be shortly unveiled. This monument has been raised in honor of Hermann, or, as he is called by Tacitus, Arminius, who, in the year 9, united the German tribes against the Romans, defeated the great army of Varus, and established the liberties of his country. The site of the monument is believed to be the scene of the battle. The structure was erected by contributions from all parts of Germany. It consists of an immense pedestal, ninety-five

feet high, composed of stones taken from Druidical remains in the neighborhood. The form is that of a temple—a round foundation-block, sixty feet in diameter and eleven feet in height; on this stands a building with clustered pillars, joined at the top by arches, and made to resemble the trunks of oak-trees, wreaths of oak-leaves being carved beneath the arches. The cornice above these pillars is surmounted by a rounded mass of solid masonry, and on this the statue has been placed. It is a full-length figure, ninety feet high to the point of the upraised sword, and is composed of copper skillfully and beautifully wrought. It represents the hero making a speech to his followers, the right arm brandishing his sword, and the left resting upon his shield. He wears the coat of leather falling below the waist, and the helmet adorned with wings, that usually appear in the paintings and drawings of Hermann. The whole monument towers up so far above the surrounding trees that it may be plainly seen from a great distance.

The great work was projected and executed by Joseph Ernst von Bandel, a famous German sculptor, who was born at Anspach, in 1800, and while in his youth conceived the idea of a great monument and statue to Hermann. The erection of the pedestal was begun in 1838, and finished in 1846, from which time stormy political troubles arrested the progress of the work. In 1862 an association was formed for the furtherance of Von Bandel's object; and at last, after a life-long labor, the heroic sculptor's great project stands completed.

THAT the Boston artists are busy, is indicated by an attractive exhibition of pictures which has been open in the Studio Gallery in that city for a week or two past. The collection comprises rather studies than elaborate works, and has thus been especially interesting to art-students and those desiring to observe the development of the artistic idea on canvas. It includes sketches and studies by Hunt, Tuckerman, Waterman, Robinson, Johnston, Rogers, and Miss Knowlton. Hunt contributes several pleasing and vigorously handled though rather slight pictures—"A Cloudy Sunset," "View in Weston," "A Female Head," and "The Garden Gate," all very characteristic of the artist. Some of Mr. Waterman's marine views are also worthy of note, being clear and full of life, while a totally different subject, "Maorof in the Market-Place," a scene from the "Arabian Nights," is handled by the same artist with especial skill in composition and coloring. The Studio Gallery is used, from time to time, for informal exhibitions of this sort, and thus affords a favorable opportunity for the artists to compare notes by works, and for the picture-loving Bostonians to judge of the progress of art in their city.

THE colossal seated statue, by the late Mr. Foley, of the Prince Consort, to be placed under the canopy of the memorial, Hyde Park, has been successfully cast. . . . There died recently, at Florence, Professor Papi Clementi, a bronze-founder, distinguished for having, after years of patient and laborious study, suc-

ceeded in casting statues in bronze after the manner of the old masters, that is to say, life-sized or colossal statues in one entire piece, thus rediscovering a lost art. The modern practice is to cast statues in pieces, which are afterward fitted together, and worked over and finished by chiseling and filing. The castings executed by Professor Papi were in one entire piece, and so perfect as not to require the finish of chisel or file, but showed to perfection each stroke of the modeling-stick just as the sculptor had left it on his clay model. Benvenuto Cellini cast his group of Persous and Medusa in two portions, but Professor Papi outrivaled the famous metal-worker by casting the same group in one. Benvenuto ascribed his success in the operation to the fearful oaths he swore; Papi, before running the metal into the mould, made his assistants kneel round the group and pray earnestly for an hour for the success of the casting. It is feared that important secrets in regard to his art perished with him. . . .

The newly-discovered Venus at Rome has been placed in the gallery of the Capitoline Museum. The statue is only four feet high, and represents a young girl of the Roman type, of not more than thirteen years of age. The statue is pronounced a fine one, but lacking in those qualities which would stamp it as of the highest Greek art. This is one account, but another declares that the statue is probably not a Venus at all, but a nymph, or an imaginary female figure rising from the bath, and binding her hair with a fillet; that it is marked by delicate grace and sweetness, but is not divine in character; and thinks it the figure of a girl of seventeen or eighteen years. . . . A large picture of "The Virgin of the Rosary," attributed to Murillo, was sold last month in London, at auction, for four thousand five hundred pounds. It is intimated, however, that the picture was bought in at this price. . . . The bronze statue of "The Minute-Man" of Concord is completed at the Ames Works, Chicopee, and will soon be erected. The statue is seven feet high; will stand upon a pedestal of granite. It depicts a young man turning from his labors in the field at the hurrying call of the messenger, ready for duty. One hand rests upon the handle of his abandoned plough, the other grasps a musket; the whole attitude indicating a moment's pause to listen. . . . William J. Hays, distinguished in American art as an animal-painter, died in New York, March 18th, in his forty-fifth year. Mr. Hays's pictures have not been seen frequently at recent exhibitions, his productions finding purchasers as fast as they were executed; but, in former years, his groups of deer, his buffaloes, and other animal subjects, were among the most attractive pictures of every public gallery. . . . It is intended to have a grand exhibition of American paintings in the Exposition Building at Chicago next September, and Mr. John F. Stafford has visited the artists here in order to secure their coöperation.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

March 3, 1875.

IT is sad to note how the great artists pass one by one from the busy life of our century to the silence of their immortality. First Fortuny, then Millet, and now the great landscape-painter Corot, have laid down their pencils and palettes forever. Corot was seventy-nine years old. Notwithstanding his advanced

age, he was, scarcely a year ago, a very picture of vigor and health. At the *Salon*, last year, he might frequently be seen strolling through the rooms, stout, sturdy-looking, and florid, his eyes sparkling under their thick brows, and his hat pushed a little back, showing his white hair and ample brow. He was so full of vitality and energy that he seemed destined to long future years of work and health. In a few months the cruel malady from which he died developed itself and destroyed that superabundant life and energy. Dropsy, complicated with an ulcerous sore on the chest—such was the illness from which for months he was a hopeless sufferer. When the end came, his mind wandered, and he fancied himself before his easel and at work. His feeble fingers traveled to and fro with the gestures of one who is using a brush; and, when the dim eyes closed, and the busy hand fell idly on the counterpane, Corot was no more. What images of beauty and grace, what fair scenes of sunlit and sylvan loveliness, may not have risen before the eyes of the dying artist as he lay!

During his long life, Corot did not enjoy many years of veritable success and celebrity. It was not till 1848 that his talent was thoroughly recognized, and, in 1855, the purchase of one of his pictures by Napoleon III. set the seal upon his fame. The papers teem with anecdotes of his goodness of heart and of his generous nature. It is said that he could never bear to accept a penny from his pupils, and that the directors of any fair or sale for a benevolent purpose were always sure of obtaining a picture from his brush. He was kindness itself to all needy and suffering artists. On one occasion a drunken scamp of a painter who happened to have the same surname as himself, and who eked out a precarious existence by producing daubs which were only salable because they were signed, with fraudulent intent, with the name of Corot, was denounced to him by one of his friends, who besought him to put a stop to such deceptions by legal means. Instead of getting angry, Corot interested himself in his rascally namesake, called to see him, gave him money, and promised to help him with his advice about his pictures if he would leave off drinking and try to do well. "Tis all for the honor of the name," quoth Corot, when reproached for his Quixotic generosity. The false Corot was, however, too deeply confirmed in his evil habits to be saved by the noble interposition of the real one. Strange to say, he died just one day before his high-minded benefactor.

The projected exhibition in Paris of the art-treasures of provincial France has been abandoned, owing to the refusal of the authorities of sixteen out of the twenty-five cities and towns to which application was made to permit the pictures under their official charge to be removed to the capital, alleging as a reason for this refusal the dangers to which the paintings would be exposed in transit, and on the walls of the exhibition-room as well. It appears that the government refused to insure any pictures thus forwarded from the provinces. The clergy were much more obliging, the bishops of nearly all the principal towns having signified their willingness to lend whatever valuable paintings the churches contained. However, the whole scheme has been definitely abandoned, at least for the present. It is a great pity, for the exhibition would undoubtedly have proved a very interesting one, as there are many marvelous specimens of art hidden away in the churches and public buildings of provincial France—in spots where the foot of the tourist but seldom pene-

trates. The profits of the exhibition were to have been devoted to the improvement of the schools of art in the provinces, a wise and patriotic purpose, the knowledge of which adds an additional sting to our vexation at the total abandonment of the project.

The younger Dumas is still the leading literary lion of the day, owing to his recent admission to the Academy, and the talk and *sa page* created by his preface to "Manon Lescaut." Of course, like all other celebrities, he has to pay the penalty for his renown by being made the object of sundry intrusive visits from total strangers, many of whom, I regret to say, are my own compatriots. On one occasion an American lady, who chanced to be acquainted with Madame Dumas, called to see her, and, with singular lack of good taste and good breeding, took with her a large party of her fellow-citizens. These, while the promoter of the expedition was conversing with the lady of the house, made their way into the billiard-room, where the great author was indulging in his favorite recreation of a game of billiards. Indignant at this intrusion, M. Dumas threw down his cue, and, remarking to the friend with whom he had been playing, "I am neither an elephant nor a monkey, to be stared at as a curiosity," he left the room without in any way recognizing the presence of his obtrusive visitors. Nor did he quit the seclusion of his own chamber till they had definitely departed. Yet he is by no means a repellent or unsocial man if rightly approached, as witness the experience of an American gentleman who, wishing to call on M. Dumas the celebrated chemist, got by mistake the wrong address, and went to see the celebrated dramatist instead. The author of the *Demi-monde* laughed heartily at the mistake, which, of course, became apparent as soon as his visitor began to propound sundry puzzling scientific questions for his solution. "The error is one of daily occurrence," he said. "I receive continually packages of scientific works intended for my learned namesake, while he in his turn has copies of plays and novels forwarded to him by my *conféres* which are intended for me. He says, however, that he does not object to the exchange, and that I am welcome to keep his books if he may retain mine, his being but stupid reading, while mine are decidedly more amusing."

The new comedy which Dumas now has on hand for the Comédie Française is said to be entitled "Monsieur Candoule," a title which in itself suggests much naughtiness, King Candoule, being, according to the legend already illustrated by painters and poets, an unwise potentate who possessed a beautiful wife, and who, in his pride in her charms, permitted his intimate friend secretly to behold her undraped form. As far as I can remember (not having the legend at hand to refer to), the lady discovers the truth, and quits her husband forever. Dumas is also at work on an historical drama for the Odéon called "Joseph Balsamo," adapted from his father's novel of "The Memoirs of a Physician." The hero is the notorious Count Cagliostro. Neither of these new works will pass, according to the French idiom, before next season. It is said that the outline of "Joseph Balsamo," sketched out by the elder Dumas, was discovered among his papers, and that his son conceived it to be his sacred duty to finish the drama, and to prepare it for the stage.

The last week has not been very prolific in new books of any general interest. A new novel by Cherbuliez, called "Miss Ravel," which originally appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has been published by Hachette,

and Michel Léroy has issued one by Amédée Achard, which bears the taking title of "Cloak and Sword." The same house has also published a translation of the sketches of T. B. Aldrich, opening with "Marjorie Daw," which tale gives its name to the collection. Lemerre, of the Passage Choiseul, has advertised a new and elegant edition of Victor Hugo's works. It is to be issued in weekly duodecimo volumes, and in print, paper, etc., is to be a veritable *édition de luxe*. The series is to commence with the poems, which will comprise ten volumes. By special arrangement, all future works written by Victor Hugo are to be included in this edition. Sardou's recently-published drama of "La Haine" has reached a fourth edition, having enjoyed seemingly more success as a *brochure* than it gained as a play. The next to be issued in this series is "L'Oncle Sam." A new edition of "La Dame aux Camélias," with all the illustrations executed for it in past days by Gavarni and other leading artists, is shortly to appear.

"Geneviève de Brabant," at the Gaîté, has achieved an immense success, both with the critics and the public. As a spectacle it is superb, but as an opera it is inferior to its predecessor. It lacks, too, the varied and poetic background of "Orphée," which called all the wonders of mythology to its aid. Nevertheless it is dazzling to behold. The costumes are of the richest and most brilliant materials, the scenery is gorgeous, and the *personnel* so extensive that the vast stage of the Gaîté is at times so crowded that the performers have scarcely space to move about, or the dancers to execute their evolutions. In the first act is introduced a new, striking, and amusing ballet of nurses and babies. It does not sound as though it could be very graceful or very pretty, and yet it is both. The dancers who personate the nurses are all young and handsome, and their costume, designed by the celebrated Grévin, is charming. It consists of a white linen skirt trimmed with pink ribbon, put on in zigzags, an overdress of pearl-gray cashmere, ornamented with designs on pink *appliqué*, and the odd horned cap of the middle ages. Each nurse is provided with two babies, which argues a vast number of twins among the families of Brabant. When, at a given moment, they all take their seats, and dance and dandle their charges in time to the music, the effect is very pretty. Among the nurses, circulate children in white and scarlet, prodigious children in white and purple, milk-women in black and white, and *dansesuses* dressed as serving-men, in the tightest of pale-gray costumes, unrelieved by a particle of drapery. "The Departure for Palestine," at the end of the second act, is one of the most beautiful pieces of scenic effect ever displayed on the stage. The scene represents a street in the city of Curaçao. The houses are of red brick with pointed roofs, and their odd and contorted architecture recalls that of the Kremlin at Moscow. Every house is gay with banners and flags, and every window and balcony is crowded with spectators in brilliant holiday costume. The long perspective fades away in a soft and luminous distance. In this scene takes place the already famous procession of vehicles. Commencing with the ark, the litter, and the canoe, there pass before the eyes of the spectators all the various modes of locomotion which man has invented throughout the centuries, closing with the steamboat and the train of cars. We are shown the Chinese lady in her palanquin, the belle of the reign of Louis Quinze in her sedan-chair, the gilded coach, the lumbering *diligence*, the poetic gon-

dola, and the basket phaeton, dear to the heart of the Parisian *cocotte*. Each vehicle is pushed, pulled, managed, or manœuvred by little children, costumed in the dress of the times represented by each boat or carriage, and most admirably trained. In the fourth act we are introduced to the most gorgeous of the many splendid scenes of the opera—the Palace of Armida. Semi-Oriental in architecture, with rose-flushed, gold-fretted arches rising against a pale-green, glowing background, sparkling with diamond-like lamps, and gay with the bloom and foliage of tropical plants—it is a very vision of fairy-like beauty. In this scene takes place the procession of lovers—*Daphnis and Chloé, Romeo and Juliet, Paul and Virginia, Othello and Desdemona, Faust and Marguerite, the Grande-Duchesse and Fritz, La Belle Hélène and Paris, Raoul and Valentine, Don Giovanni and Zerlina, Donna Elvira and Donna Anna*, and crowds of other loving pairs enter, the operatic ones each coming forward and chanting some familiar strain from their well-known melodious utterances. The act terminates with a ballet which for extent and splendor far surpasses any of the ballets of "Orphée." It does not represent any thing in particular or any particular nationality. Egyptians, Oriental *alméas*, amazons, flower-queens, helmets, veil-jewels, flowers, scarfs of gold and silver gauze, all mingle in one dazzling and intoxicating whirl. At one moment, over five hundred persons are present on the stage. The final scene of the opera, the "Apotheosis," is rather disappointing. It is very inferior to the preceding scenes, and makes rather a tame conclusion for the dazzling visions which precede it. As to the musical and dramatic part of the work, the heaviest burden rests upon the shoulders of Theresa. Now, Theresa is no longer the singer of slang songs, the star of *cafés chantants*, the "prima donna of the gutters," as she used to be called. Study and intelligence have developed her really fine though peculiar voice, have softened and mellowed its once hoarse contralto tones into velvety richness, and have given to the *opéra-bouffe* a real artist. Four beautiful songs have been introduced into the opera for her by Offenbach, two of which, the "Spinning-Song" of the second act, and the "Drinking-Song" of the third, were rapturously *meoré*. The remainder of the feminine interpretation is poor. Perret is pretty as *Geneviève*, but Mats Ferrero is totally inadequate to sustaining the rôle of *Dragan*, so admirably personated in America by Rose Bell and by Aimée. The original *gens d'arme*, Gabel, revived all his olden success, and the famous duet was loudly applauded. Christian, as *Golo*; Habay, as *Duke Siffroy*; and Lagrenay, as *Charles Martel*, left nothing to be desired. *Geneviève's* dresses are marvels of magnificence. One of them, the coronation dress, is of richest pale-blue silk, with collarette and sleeves of damasked cloth of gold, the skirt strewed with hearts in cloth of gold, and spotted with topazes set in gold. The long, hanging sleeves are lined with cloth of gold. Her first dress was of heavy, white corded silk, spotted with rose-colored hearts, and with collarette and sleeves of damasked cloth of gold.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

FROM LONDON.

A new literary paper has just been ushered into the world. I predict for it a short and precarious existence. It bears the absurd title of the *Maggie*. London has really only room for one journal entirely devoted to literature, and we have that already in the *Athenæum*—a

periodical which, I am bound to add, is by no means so brilliant as it used to be when Sir Charles Dilke's grandfather had it under his care, and Keats, Campbell, Charles Lamb, and others, wrote for it. Even the *Academy*, well conducted as it is, is having, and has had, a very hard battle. Its sale is not more than two or three thousand; and, by-the-way, that of the *Athenaeum* is not nearly so large as many suppose—only about ten thousand. I wonder what Sir Charles's brother, Mr. Ashton Dilke, will make of the *Dispatch*? A success, I fancy; of course, you know he bought it lately for a song, comparatively. At the time he became its proprietor and editor, it was, without exception, the worst-managed paper in Great Britain. All its old prestige—and the *Dispatch* was a power in England years ago—was nearly gone. Now, however, it begins to look something like its old self, and has, I am told, picked up its circulation wonderfully. Verily, great is the competition in the newspaper world! The *Times* now runs a special train every morning to Birmingham, at a cost of fifty pounds a day; the *Standard* and the *Daily News* recently increased their size, and, of course, the *Telegraph* followed suit. Perhaps you are not aware that Mr. William Black, the novelist, has given up the sub-editorship of the last-named "daily." He still, however, writes leaders for it. The editor of one of the other "dailies," the *Morning Advertiser*, has just had a new drama, entitled "Norma," produced at Glasgow, with Miss Wallis—one of the very best actresses—as the heroine. I refer to Colonel A. B. Richards, the author of "Cromwell"—a tragedy which had a short but prosperous run at a London theatre some little time ago. And now a word about an editor—one who is at present among you—Mr. Hapworth Dixon. Perhaps you are not aware that he is writing a series of articles on your manners and customs in the *Dundee Advertiser*, an important Scotch journal. "Life in San Francisco" is the subject of his latest communication. It is a very lively one, and doubtless considerably exaggerated. Here is a spicy passage:

"If she can get a real excitement, San Francisco likes the genuine article; but excitement she must have applied in daily doses, and the journals have to feed this passion for sensational facts. Each line must be emphatic. Every statement must be made in capitals. If you have only a mouse to offer, you must call it a mammoth. If you have no news to give, you must invent a lie. The leading journal in the place is advertised as 'bold and spicy,' and the print is true to her device. She deals with every one, and she spares no one. The conductors are always armed, and the reporters must be steady shots. At times a rival editor burns a little powder in their nostrils. No one takes much notice of these bagatelles, unless, as in a recent case, a journalist shoots some passer-by instead of sending his literary brother to the spirit-land. The paper is pushing, clever, and adroit; but History, in her pages, is a whirling and fantastic dream. One weekly paper has a standing page of news—all local news, concerning living men—called 'Lies of the Day.' This paper prides itself on being 'alive.' 'No dead-heads,' it cries along the walls to an inquiring world; and no 'dead-beats' are found in the 'Lies of the Day.' These lies have caused the owner of the paper to be whipped a dozen times. Men like to read such things about their friends and enemies, and, in the way of sale, these 'Lies of the Day' are said to be a great success. A simple fact is no more relished than a homely face. Plain prose is never read."

I hope, for Mr. Dixon's sake, that he may shake the soil of the Western city off

his feet ere the above extract appears. A prince of word-painters is he! You remember his description of his journey to Utah across the Plains. According to him, you know, Sir Charles Dilke and he ran imminent danger of being scalped by the red-skins. "It's an absurd exaggeration," said the member for Chelsea to me one day. "Not a red-skin was in sight—yes, there was one; but he ran away the moment he saw us!" W. W.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

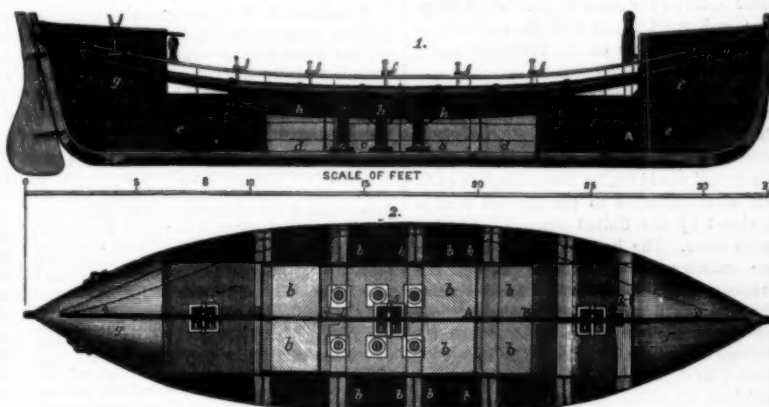
DURING the coming year it is proposed to hold at Brussels "An International Exhibition of Apparatus for saving Life." Of the ten classes into which the exhibition will be divided, the first relates to the saving of life from fire, and the second includes "apparatus and implements of every description for saving life at sea, and preventing danger from drowning."

Very recently a distinguished novelist, entering the ranks of the people there, discovered a true hero, whose claim to our recognition and favor lies in the fact that, with his "own right arm," he had rescued lives from drowning. It may be well for the honor he has gained that the Scotch swimmer lived at a time when life preservers, boats, and cars, were unknown, else he would have found many a comrade to have shared his laurels. It is to the recent advances and improvements that have been made in these life-saving appliances that attention is now briefly directed, the approach of the coming "International Exhibition" adding an especial interest to the subject.

To whom the honorable title belongs of "inventor of the life-boat" seems yet to be a disputed question. In the church-yard of Hythe, in Kent, England, there is a tombstone whose inscription quaintly informs the passer-by that "Lionel Lukin was the first who built a life-boat, and was the original inventor of that quality of safety by which many lives and much property have been preserved from shipwreck, and he obtained for it the king's patent, in the year 1785." There is that in a

voice from the tomb like this to command acceptance, and so would it undoubtedly but for the following kindred but conflicting testimony that appears recorded on a tablet in the parish church of St. Hilda, South Shields: "Sacred to the memory of William Wouldhave, who died September 28, 1821, aged seventy years, clerk of this church, and inventor of that invaluable blessing to mankind, the life-boat." A third claimant for the honor is one "Henry Greathead, a shrewd boat-builder at South Shields," who is credited with building the first life-boat, about the year 1789.

From existing records it is safe to assume that Lionel Lukin was the inventor of what he called an "immergible boat," and that all subsequent efforts were by way of improvement, of which the boat constructed by Mr. Greathead was the most in favor. At the commencement of the year 1802, two hundred lives were saved by the aid of this boat at the entrance of the river Tyne alone; and, soon after, the English House of Commons voted the inventor the sum of twelve hundred pounds, to which the Trinity House and Lloyds added one hundred and five pounds each; and the Society of Arts presented its gold medal and fifty guineas, and the Emperor of Russia a diamond ring. It thus appears that the value of the invention was appreciated, however might be questioned the title of the inventor. Owing, however, to certain defects in its construction, the life-boat was not in general use until Mr. R. Peake, of her majesty's dock-yard at Woolwich, improved it, and secured the adoption of his model by the "Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck," which society was established in the year 1824. This boat is described as being thirty feet in length by eight in breadth, flat in the bottom, and provided at the ends and sides with air-tight chambers. Between the outer bottom and what may be called the floor or deck of the boat, there is a space stuffed with cork and light, hard wood. Were a rent, therefore, made in the outer covering, the vessel would still float. A heavy iron keel keeps the boat straight; and, by a proper adjustment of parts, it is scarcely possible,



English Life-Boat.—Fig. 1. Sheer Plan. Fig. 2. Deck Plan: a, Delivering Tubes; b, Air-Cases; c, Well; d, Air-Cases; e, Empty Air-Cases under Deck; f, Fore Air-Compartment; g, After Air-Compartment; A, Air-Cases; B, Mast-Thwart; a, Scuttles for Air.

in the stormiest sea, to turn a life-boat upside down. One of the most beautiful arrangements for insuring the safety of the boat consists of tubes with valves for clearing out the water which may be thrown in by the waves. Thus, rightly constructed, the vessel can neither sink nor be capsized. It floats like a cork on the wildest sea, and loss of life in guiding it is a very rare occurrence.

It was by the aid of one of these boats, The Mincing Lane, that the crew of the schooner Active, which went ashore on the north side of the Annat Bank, Montrose Harbor, were saved, every one. The story of this rescue, however, is one in which the honors are justly divided between the staunch little craft and its gallant crew.

Returning to the record of progress—for the life-boat was not yet perfect—we learn that, in the year 1850, the Duke of Northumberland offered one hundred guineas for the best model of a life-boat, the defects of those then in use being defined as follows: "1. They do not right themselves when upset; 2. They are too heavy to be readily launched or transported along the coast; 3. They do not free themselves from water fast enough; 4. They are too expensive." As a result of this offer, two hundred and eighty models and plans were presented, and the prize awarded to James Beeching, of Great Yarmouth. This boat has been since improved

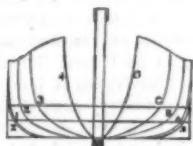


Fig. 3.—Cross-Section.

under the direction of the Life-Boat Institution, and is now the standard. In Figs. 1, 2, and 3, we have illustrations of this boat, the three sections with descriptive title serving to convey a just idea of its form and novel features. The Royal National Life-Boat Institution have two hundred and forty of these boats on the coast of the United Kingdom and the Channel Islands, and similar ones are now in use on the French, German, and Russian coasts.

Though, as appears from this record, every praise should be granted to England for the zeal with which she has favored the construction and adoption of the life-boat, yet the record would be far from complete without some reference to the kindred service rendered by the United States in this humane cause. The boats used in our service are ordinary surf-boats, since many of our most dangerous shores are rendered so more from bars and shoals than rocks. These boats weigh about seven hundred pounds, and are conveyed along the sandy shores on trucks, as shown in Fig. 4. In a subsequent article it will be our purpose to describe and illustrate the American life-car, which is made to supplant the services of the life-boat in many instances. Before leaving the subject of English life-boats, a word as to the

character of the services rendered is demanded. From a recent authority we learn that, between the years 1849 and 1873, the num-



Fig. 4.—Carriage for Life-Boat.

ber of lives saved in England mainly by the use of the life-boat was twenty-two thousand one hundred and seventy-three. No wonder that the friends of Lionel Lukin and William Wouldhave should have contended for the honor of inscribing their tombs with the honorable title, "inventor of the life-boat!"

PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY, whose distinguished services in the department of solar physics have been recognized at home and abroad, recently delivered a lecture on the "Sources of Solar Heat," before the Stevens Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, from which we condense as follows:

"We hear so often nowadays," said the speaker, "of the perfected achievements of Science that we may overlook the fact that results which seem clear, when established, are usually reached through the hard lessons of wearying failure. We so commonly, hearing only of the final success, forget that there is no known rule to guide the search for it, that I may bring before you something of new interest, if I ask you to look with me at a problem which, though it is of the highest importance, Science has only partly solved, and with many of whose difficulties her students are still struggling. This problem is that of the source and probable duration of the heat of the sun, and of the degree of its temperature."

After this brief but suggestive preface, Professor Langley entered at once upon the consideration of the subject to which it refers. As the address was essentially a popu-

lar one, the speaker adopted such methods of illustration as should be readily comprehended by the audience. The sun is a globe one hundred and eight times the diameter of the earth, and about one million two hundred and fifty thousand times its volume. From this globe there is now pouring upon the earth that nearly measureless radiation which is sufficient to sustain all life on its surface from that of the date-palm in the scorching glare of Sahara's waste, to that of the sea-weed at the bottom of the deepest ocean-cave, and yet the heat and light interrupted by this earth are but a minute fraction of the whole amount given forth from the sun. With a view, if possible, to give some conceivable idea as to the whole amount of this heat, the following illustration was given:

"Let us imagine that all the ice in the world could be collected and stored upon a plain till it formed a pile thirty-five miles in diameter, and high enough to contain the ice from the arctic and antarctic poles and all the supply of the temperate zones. Let this be supposed to be shielded from all warmth until the ice-product of the world thus piled there winter after winter had formed a column thirty-five miles in diameter and reaching out in space to the lunar orbit, so as to form a bridge to the moon. Now let the heat which the sun is constantly sending out be turned wholly upon it. It is the subject of a simple proof that to first melt it all and then boil the oceans of water it might be melted into, and finally to dissipate the whole in vapor, would occupy the sun's ordinary radiations not quite one second."

Again:

"The coal-beds of Pennsylvania would probably supply the entire world's consumption for centuries; but I find that, if the source of the sun's heat (whatever it is) were withdrawn, and it were possible to transport these coal-beds there and burn them fast enough to keep up the present rate of emission and no more, they would last considerably less than one-thousandth part of a second."

From these illustrations of the amount of the sun's heat the lecturer advanced to the considerations of the several theories propounded, with a view to solve the great problem as to its true nature and source.

The first of these theories is that, the sun is, as it were, on fire, and that the heat we experience is that given forth by combustions of matter on its surface. This theory is regarded as untenable, for the reason that, were the process one of simple combustion, the matter constituting the sun would have been consumed long since, supposing that there was present sufficient oxygen to keep up the combustion, which is not the case. A second and certainly curious theory advanced by "an eminent natural philosopher" is to the effect that the heat is the result of certain vital forces that are still active on the sun's surface, and the action of which may be kindred to that which produces the light of the fire-fly, or the heat of the body. Passing from these two theories to the third, the speaker presents what may be regarded as certainly the only reasonable explanation of the problem. The body of the sun is in an incandescent state; that is, it is white hot, but not in a condition of actual combustion. Assuming this, it is possible to conceive of its great heat-radiating power, without an actual exhaustion of the matter of which it is composed. The question then arises, Whence proceeds the heat by which this vast mass is kept hot? It is in the answer to this question that Professor Langley defines his views, which indorse those originally presented by Helmholtz. The sun's heat is, according to this view, strictly "a mode of motion," itself renewed to a

finite but almost inconceivable extent by the shrinking of its mass; that is, the heat given off by the sun is due to the matter of that body settling toward the centre; or, in other words, the contraction of the sun's mass, as it tends to cool, keeps the temperature nearly constant at the expense of the volume. This, then, may be accepted as the most reasonable theory regarding the heat of the sun; and, receiving as it has the indorsement of one so eminent as Professor Langley, may be accepted as authoritative. It is yet possible, however, that continued observations may bring to light facts that will call for a more satisfactory theory. Till then, the reader may be safe in accepting this view as best standing "the test of external computation."

In a recent paper on waste materials, a writer in *Chambers's Journal* notices a novel and a useful plan for rendering sawdust a marketable and serviceable article. Mixed with some sort of resinous substance, it is compressed into small, square pieces, which, hardened and dried, make excellent 'fire-lighters.' One of these pieces will light a fire; eight of them put up in a parcel being sold for a penny. They are designated the 'Caloric Fire-lighters.' There is now quite a manufactory of them carried on in Edinburgh. How they can be produced and packed up in a neat way for the money is not easily understood. The sawdust, we presume, costs nothing. The success of this modest manufacture is suggestive, as in one way or another there must be an enormous waste of sawdust, which might be advantageously utilized. Mixed with clay just sufficient to impart consistency, and with some resinous ingredient, there could be produced a tolerable and cheap fuel; for what is coal but submerged forest-trees blended with earthy substances under a lengthened and excessively high degree of pressure? In these days of speculative energy, we might almost hint that there is a fortune in sawdust!"

A SUBSTITUTE for the long-detested emetic, appears under the indorsement of Dr. Ewald, of Berlin, Prussia, who proposes to wash out the stomach by the following simple method: A piece of ordinary rubber tubing, about six feet in length, is pushed down the throat till its lower end enters the stomach, water is then injected till the latter is full. The opposite or exterior end of the tube is then so adjusted as to rest at a lower level than the interior liquid. The patient is then requested to make a short but forcible contraction of the abdominal walls. By this means the interior liquid is forced into and up the tube till an exit is effected; and as the outer arm of the tube is the longer, a siphon is formed, and through it all the contents of the stomach are removed. This is the history of the plan as it comes to us. Should any of our readers wish to verify the statements, we trust they will not do so save under the severest provocation!

UNDER the title of "The Contest between the Retinae," the *Academy* presents the following interesting facts: If one eye be closed while the other is directed without fixation toward a surface of uniform tint, a temporary dimness is evident. This dimness or partial obscuration is intermittent, taking place from five to twelve times in a minute. The duration of the dimness varies inversely as its frequency. The explanation of this fact is on the supposition that our attention is directed to each retina in turn, and, as one eye is closed, the dimness is caused by the attention being then on the closed retina. In support

of this it is stated that the phenomenon is not observed by those who are blind in one eye, and that it is limited to that part of the visual field which is common to both eyes.

It is announced that the German Maritime Association have proposed the creation of a royal establishment for meteorology on the German coast, under the name of the German Observatory. Its purpose will be to make observations of all such phenomena on the coast or open sea as shall be of general interest and value. There will be a central observatory at Hamburg, with others at various points. The observations will include a daily meteorological record. In addition to this the German sea-captains are to be furnished with meteorological journals, to be kept by them for the benefit of the observatory.

By a simple but ingenious experiment, Müller has been able to demonstrate that gas diffusion can take place through the walls of soap-bubbles. A soap-bubble was blown in the usual way, and, when of proper size, was introduced into a jar containing hydrogen gas. After it had remained there a sufficient time, a light was applied to the stem of the pipe, whereupon the bubble burst with an explosion, thus proving that it was filled with an explosive mixture of gas and air.

THE English scientific journals are now in dread lest the instructions given to Captain Nares regarding the coming Arctic Expedition will act as too great a restraint on his movements, which they declare should be regulated by his best judgment rather than by parliamentary edicts.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

A WRITER in *Blackwood* compares the glaciers of the Himalaya with those of Switzerland:

"Coleridge has sung of the 'living flowers that skirt the eternal frost,' but here the flowers were blooming on the eternal frost itself. Occasionally, I think a living flower is found on Swiss glaciers, but very rarely—whereas on the Himalayan, flowers are by no means uncommon; and the circumstance is easily accounted for by the greater power of the sun in the Himalayan regions, and also by the fact that, when the glaciers get down a certain distance, they are so thickly covered by shattered rocks that they have to work their way, as it were, underground. In Switzerland, one often sees the great ploughshare of a glacier coming down into a green valley and throwing up the turf before it; but usually among the Himalaya, long before the glacier reaches any green valley, it is literally overwhelmed and buried beneath the shattered fragments of rock from the gigantic precipices and peaks around. This slackens, without altogether arresting, its progress; so that in many places the *débris* is allowed sufficient rest to permit of the growth of grass and flowers. It struck me that in some places there were even what might be called subterranean glaciers; that is to say, that the fallen *débris* had so formed together and solidified, that the ice-stream worked below it without disturbing the solidified surface.

"And here, as I am well acquainted with the Alps, it may not be amiss for me to com-

pare the Himalaya with these European mountains, which are so well known to the English public. The Himalaya, as a whole, are not so richly appareled as the Alps. In Cashmere, and some parts of the Sutlej Valley, and of the valleys on their Indian front, they are rich in the most glorious vegetation, and present, in that respect, a more picturesque appearance than any parts of Switzerland can boast of; but one may travel among the great ranges of the Asiatic mountains for weeks, and even months, through the most sterile scenes, without coming on any of these regions of beauty. There is not here the same close union of beauty and grandeur, loveliness and sublimity, which is everywhere to be found over the Alps. There is a terrible want of level ground and of green meadows inclosed by trees. Except in Cashmere, and about the east of Ladák, there are no lakes. We miss much those Swiss and Italian expanses of deep-blue water, in which white towns and villages, snowy peaks and dark mountains, are so beautifully mirrored. There is also a great want of perennial water-falls of great height and beauty, such as the Staubbach; though in summer, during the heat of the day, the Himalaya, in several places, present long, graceful streaks of dust-foam.

"The striking contrasts and the more wonderful scenes are not crowded together as they are in Switzerland. Both eye and mind are apt to be wearied among the Himalaya by the unbroken repetition of similar scenes during continuous and arduous travel, extending over days and weeks together; and one sorely misses Goethe's *Eclogen*, or the beautiful little corners of Nature which satisfy the eye and mind alike. The picture is not sufficiently filled up in its detail, and the continuous repetition of the vast outlines is apt to become oppressive. The very immensity of the Himalaya prevents us from often beholding at a glance, as among the Alps, the wonderful contrast of green meadows, darker pines, green splintered glaciers, dark precipitous cliffs, blue distant hills, white slopes of snow, and glittering icy summits. There are points in the Sutlej Valley and in Cashmere where something like this is presented, and in a more overpowering manner than anywhere in Europe; but months of difficult travel separate these two regions, and their beauty cannot be said to characterize the Himalaya generally. But what, even in Switzerland, would be great mountains, are here dwarfed into insignificant hills; and it requires some time for the eye to understand the immense Himalayan heights and depths. Some great rock, or the foot of some precipice, which is pointed out as our camping-place for the night, looks at first as if it were only a few hundred feet off, but, after hours of arduous ascent, it seems almost as far off as ever.

"The human element of the Western mountains is greatly wanting in those of the East; for though here and there a monastery like Ki, or a village like Dankar, may stand out picturesquely on the top of a hill, yet, for the most part, the dingy-colored, flat-roofed Himalayan hamlets are not easily distinguishable from the rocks amid which they stand. The scattered *chalets* and *Sennhütten* of Switzerland are wholly wanting; and the European traveler misses the sometimes bright and comely faces of the peasantry of the Alps. I need scarcely say, also, that the more wonderful scenes of the Abode of Snow are far from being easily accessible, even when we are in the heart of the great mountains. And it can hardly be said that the cloud-land of the Himalaya is so varied and gorgeous as that of the

mountains of Europe, though the sky is of a deeper blue, and the heavens are much more brilliant at night.

"But, when all these admissions in favor of Switzerland are made, the Himalaya still remain unsurpassed, and even unapproached, as regards all the wilder and grander features of mountain scenery. There is nothing in the Alps which can afford even a faint idea of the savage desolation and appalling sublimity of many of the Himalayan scenes. Nowhere, also, have the faces of the mountains been so scarred and riven by the nightly action of frost, and the mid-day floods from melting snow. In almost every valley we see places where whole peaks or sides of great mountains have very recently come shattering down; and the thoughtful traveler must feel that no power or knowledge he possesses can secure him against such a catastrophe, or prevent his bones being buried, so that there would be little likelihood of their release until the solid earth dissolves. And, though rare, there are sudden passages from these scenes of grandeur and savage desolation to almost tropical luxuriance, and more than tropical beauty, of organic Nature. Such changes are startling and delightful, as in the passage from Dras into the upper Sind Valley of Cashmere; while there is nothing finer in the world of vegetation than the great cedars, pines, and sycomores, of many of the lower valleys."

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the latest of his "Saxon Studies," has something to say about Dresden shops and Dresden shopkeepers:

"There is a subdued, mellow splendor about Dresden shops such as I have not seen exactly paralleled anywhere else. Perhaps the gloom of the narrow streets and the musty drab color of the houses enhance these splendid windows by contrast. But the shopkeepers give much time and thought to the artistic arrangement of their wares; it is a matter which they understand, and into which they can put their whole souls, and the result does them credit. Each window is a picture, with height, depth, breadth, and *chiaro-oscuro* all complete, and far more attractive pictures, to most people, than those on the walls of the Gallery. Moreover, the details are altered every morning, and at longer intervals there is a recasting of the entire design, so that the fascination of life is added to the other fascinations. And, finally, the shops are so immediately accessible that it seems rather easier to go into them than not. Our timidity is not daunted by imposing door-ways, nor is our inertia discouraged by dignified flights of steps and broad approaches. Within we take off our hats, say good-morning, and feel perfectly at home. However fine the wares may be, we are distracted by no grandeur of architecture; and we are waited on by attendants, not by ladies and gentlemen. We bid adieu at parting, and hardly realize, as we regain the sidewalk, that we have actually been shopping at all.

"These are some of the lights of the picture; there are shadows—heavy ones! After some deliberation, however, I think there will be little use in attempting to reproduce them. Those whose lives have been crossed by them will not care to have the experience recalled; while the uninitiated can never be brought to believe in their depth and blackness. Be it merely observed, therefore, that Dresden shopkeepers are sufficiently inspired with a desire to prosper in trade. It may be conjectured

that they give their minds to their business; certainly the reproach of discursive attainments cannot be brought against them. Their heads, so far as intellectual value is concerned, are about on a par with the silver effigies on the thaler which they cherish. I have somewhere seen it asserted that the German tradesman is notably of a scientific, philosophic, and æsthetic turn, and that, in the intervals of labor, he snatches up his volume of Rosencrantz, Lemeke, Boltzmann, or Goethe, from the perusal of which the very chink of coin will scarcely win him.

"So far as my observation goes, this is a cruel and unfounded aspersion upon the character of a guild whose singleness of purpose has profoundly impressed me. They do not know what science and philosophy are. They will not read even a novel, nor yet a newspaper, unless it be the *Boerse Zeitung*. They look at the pictures in *Kladderadatsch*, but do not understand the political allusions. Their eyes are dull to the culture and progress of the world, and, to all that is above the world, wholly blind. But they can spy a bargain through a stone-wall, and a thievish advantage through the lid of a coffin. Nevertheless, I am of opinion that a wider culture might help them to be even more truly themselves than they are now. Beautiful as is the untutored earnestness of their character to the eye of the psychologist, to the man of the world they seem deficient in the breadth and grasp of mind which would enable them most effectively to carry out their designs. With all the disposition to steal that an ardent German nature can have, they lack the wisdom so to commit their thefts as to secure the largest and most permanent returns. There is a rugged directness in the way they pick our pockets which at first charms us by its *naïveté*, but ends with wounding our feelings and lowering our self-esteem. They take so little trouble to make their lies plausible, that we cannot pretend to believe them without blushing. It is easy to pay a bill of three times the amount of the original charges; but to pay again and again for things which we never had, and which it is not even feigned that we ever had, gets to be almost painfully embarrassing. If I lay my purse upon the counter, it would evince a delicacy of sentiment in the shopkeeper to wait until I had turned away my eyes before taking it. Such a course would be to his advantage, besides; for I could then ignore the theft, and we could continue our relations with the same frankness and cordiality as before, and in due course of time I might let him steal my purse again. But openly to transfer it to his till, while I am looking straight at it, seems to me tantamount to a wanton rupture of our acquaintance. There is originality, there is vigor, there is noble simplicity in the act, if you will; but our effete civilization is apt to forget its beauties in shuddering at its lack of clothing.

"This ruggedness is largely fostered, no

doubt, by the continual shifting of the foreign population. A customer who is here to-day and gone to-morrow must evidently be robbed without delay; and it makes little difference how, since there will be another to take his place. So demoralizing is travel to the places which are traveled through! If a permanent colony of philanthropic English and Americans would establish themselves in Dresden, I question not that, in the course of a few years, the whole mercantile community would be educated into such accomplished thieves that they could steal twice as much as now without creating a tittle of the awkwardness and misunderstanding which at present exist. Persons in search of a mission would do well to ponder this enterprise."

THE series of papers on "German Home-Life" in *Fraser*, from which we have previously quoted, gives the following picture of a Teutonic breakfast-table:

"There is no family breakfast-table as with us, where sons and daughters gather round the board, letters are received and read, newspapers scanned, and the great affairs of the world as made known by telegram imparted and commented upon. We look in vain for the damask table-cloth, the steaming urn, the symmetrical arrangement of plate and china, that welcome us in the middle-class English household. No trim girls in bright cotton or well-out homespun gowns; no young men, whose fresh faces tell of tubs and Turkish towels, are here to greet us. There may be a linen cloth upon the table (though even this detail is far from general), and there will be a coffee-pot, and milk-jug, and sugar-basin, set down anyhow anywhere; a basket, either of wicker or Japan, piled up with fresh *Semmeln*, perhaps a stray plate or two; a disorderly group of cups of different colors and designs; no butter; no knives and forks; possibly a plate with a few milk-rolls, of somewhat finer flour than the ordinary; and the breakfast equipage is complete. The first comer (if a lady, in dressing-gown and cap; if a man, in *Schlafrock* and *Pantoffeln*) will help her or himself to coffee and rolls, probably eating and drinking like peripatetic philosophers, for there is no inducement to 'sit down and make yourself comfortable.' If it be winter-time, the coffee-pot and milk-jug will be placed on the stove instead of on the table; and the next comer will go through the same formula of solitary feeding, departing, as the case may be, for the enjoyment of the post-prandial cigar, or to supplement the somewhat scantily represented 'mysteries of the toilet.' The last comer will enjoy the dregs of the coffee-pot and the drains of the milk-jug on an oil-cloth cover or crumpled table-cloth, slopped with the surplage of successive coffee-cups, and besprinkled with the crumbs of consumed rolls."

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